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A GIFT

from the library of

Prof. ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY, D.D.

2 November 1893.

Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.—
With the high regards of the
Author.

THE WORLD MOVES:

ALL GOES WELL.

BY

A LAYMAN.

BOSTON:
J. G. CUPPLES COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
94 BOYLSTON STREET.
1890.

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June 28th 90-

tion, are written with a knowledge that the reader can estimate an author's words according to their true value. It would be impossible to write a book of this nature without giving some attention to sacred music, which is as the voice of angels to the hearts of men; nor to woman, who, with her faith and devotion, is the crowning glory of mankind.

Important problems of the day were solved in the simplest manner nineteen hundred years ago, and I could not but touch on them, connected, as they are, with the fundamental teachings of Christianity.

The concluding chapter is mainly devoted to thoughts expressed in aphoristic form. In this chapter are a few comments on religious art, embraced in a reply to W. W. Story's singular estimate of Raphael. I could not leave my task without a word on the important work accomplished by the secular press, notwithstanding the animad-

versions cast on it by the American Board of Missions. The subject of the missions and the heathen necessarily occupies a prominent position in the book.

As Theodore Parker and other "free-thinkers" are presented, the reader will catch a glimpse of their souls' convictions on the one hand, as the souls of the old school are revealed on the other, — Parker and his kind practically recognizing the Messiahship of Christ, and Rev. Dr. X and his kind recognizing the Saviour's integrity. It is the voice of the soul we want, not the words of the tongue.

CHAPTER I.

FOR the past twenty years I have been brought into close relations with the leading spirits of various churches. During a large portion of this time I have communed with the Orthodox Church, where people of other persuasions congregated. Here I have met with the salt of the earth: Christians of large hope and unbounded faith, who take broad views of humanity, and worship with the devotion of those who put their trust in God.

As chairman of the parish committee, in arranging for the ordination of our new pastor, I had much to do with the Baptists and Methodists, besides the Orthodox brothers, who served on my committee, and I learned to respect them for their large and cheerful spirit, manifest in religious matters. I

have felt, too, the vital importance of the great movement in the Orthodox Church, which has awaked new life in the Christian world.

I have appreciated the position more fully on account of certain confessions made to me, or to some mutual friend, by the men who have bitterly opposed the advanced movement in the American Board of Missions, — men who had formerly made these confessions in response to statements and arguments which bore on the liberal and vital questions of the day. It is with this appreciation that I take up my pen to record certain of those conversations — together with thoughts suggested as I progress — in which arguments were advanced and responses given that may be termed confessions or concessions, as the nature of the answers appears to the reader. In one or two instances, as you will see, my talks were with prominent laymen who advanced their own arguments, and in others I conversed with laymen who presented the statements of leading theologians.

Some of the clergymen and laymen with whom I had conversations herein recorded have passed to a higher life, where they have a fuller knowledge of the God of the Bible and of history, and where that intuitive judgment which, in this life, was ever secretly contradicting the dogmas that they openly declared, asserts itself. Others are still living; and, though the most determined champions of the old school of Orthodoxy are among them, I, who know of their admissions and confessions, of which more anon, am fully aware that their positions are assumed from fealty to creed rather than to Christ. Stubborn before men, they are weak before God. Determined in their action, they are wavering in conviction. They are not bigots, but are led by bigotry. They are not hypocrites, but they wear the garb of hypocrisy. Champions of a lost cause, they must eventually surrender to the forces of a larger and a higher hope, and it were well if they could realize that they yield not to men but to God.

I shall mention no names in connection

with these interviews, as they were personal conversations, which, though not strictly confidential, were not of that nature which would warrant my pointing them out in a public manner.

A year or two ago I incidentally narrated to a friend one of the incidents I speak of to enforce my assertion that the old-school divine connected with it, who was charged with bigotry by an acquaintance, was really liberal at heart. I wished to defend him, as I would any friend, for such he was to me. This was reported in a secular paper, and the doctor in question was called on to verify or contradict the story. He promptly denied it. He never made such a confession (so he stated) to any one. I was called upon to charge home on the doctor, and remind him openly of the treachery of his memory, but I chose to leave the matter as it was, rather than push to the wall a man who had formerly done me a service. In these pages I shall record the interview in full. If the doctor reads and recognizes it, all well and good. If he does not recognize it, then his memory

is at fault, for mine is far from it. After long and careful consideration of my duty under the circumstances, I reluctantly give publicity to the incident, seeing no other course that I could consistently pursue.

Another leading champion of the old school committed himself to a theory which eclipses Second Probation. When I narrate the incident, the reader will discover in his conclusions, not a mere approach to Second Probation, but unqualified Universalism! The incident occurred many years ago, and so if the worthy doctor forgets it, I shall find excuse for him on the ground of mental absorption by his accepted creed. We must allow for the insuperable difficulties that these large-hearted but benightedly obstinate doctors labor under. Their *souls*, which are not committed before men, are ever recognizing God as he is; their *minds*, by which they openly commit themselves, present a stubborn front in defence of their peculiar dogmas. So the soul reveals the weakness of the intellect, leading the most learned into occasional committals to the

truth, from which, on the discovery of their inconsistency, they hastily withdraw. Heaven be praised that this inner conviction of the soul is a never-failing protection against insanity!

The full import of the various confessions and concessions in the following interviews will be apprehended when we consider that no one ever wavers whose convictions are grounded on a primary truth. The martyrs did not die from fear of hell, but from love of God and Christ. They did not chant praises at the stake in loyalty to dogmas, but, assured of the overruling providence of God, they joyously yielded their lives to his keeping. Martyrs, however, are not confined to the Christian fold. The Eastern peoples are so possessed by their religions that they too will die for them. We term them fanatics, — they are martyrs. One of the grandest pictures of the world's history is the universal sacrifice of man to his religious convictions. When one is possessed with the spirit of martyrdom, it means

that he holds to his highest conception of God; and this conception, being founded in a central truth, whatever may be his minor errors, he will sacrifice his body at a signal from the kingdom of God that is within him, which is in every man. A man may die for a bad cause, but he is no martyr, he is a combatant. Martyrs love their enemies, fanatics curse them; martyrs call on God to raise the world, fanatics to crush it. One dies in a peaceful state, the other in commotion of soul.

I would come to the matter in hand, and have the reader consider that, while epochs in history have been shaped by the truths comprehended in their time, one grand, central truth has ever been working for the advancement and redemption of the world. This truth is *the boundless love of God to man.* The Christian religion was founded on this; and whatever corruptions have retarded the progress of its work, it has moved steadily onward, increasing with its progress, converting to its fold the followers of other religions.

No Christian country will ever be converted to the religions of the East, but the nations of the East will eventually be converted to Christianity. Confucius bade his followers to do *not* unto others what they would not have them do unto them. Christ says, "*Do* unto others as you would have them do unto you." These might appear to be of similar import, but they are as wide from each other as the poles of the earth. Love is a working force. He who truly loves will work for its object with devotion and self-sacrifice. Love is positive, not negative. It is not amiability, but virtue. It is not inertia, but action. One may do *not* unto others, and so abstain from injurious acts, but they will never *do*. The other is to do unto them, and he will work for them to his death. Here lies the vital difference between the Eastern religions and Christianity. The former have done nothing for foreign nations, while the latter has labored incessantly for them. To do *not* unto others as you would not have others do to you is death; to do unto others

as you would have them do unto you is life. Love is life; and so the Christian religion, as born in Christ, is the religion of love, of action, of accomplishment. Hence, with this central, moving truth of love, the conviction of Christianity is unshaken, while the heathen, with his negative quality, is made a living soul by it, and brought to Christ. Confucius is the body in embryo; Christ is its birth. One is death in life, the other is life in death.

I said in the beginning that the soul of man reveals the weakness of his intellect, prompting him to occasional concessions from which he hastily withdraws, on the discovery of their import. This soul is God's kingdom, and here is the knowledge of love. It is the reigning power, and against all opposing forces it has advanced through the ages, and urged humanity steadily forward. Genuine missionaries have not worked from fear, nor for the base desire of reward: no, the kingdom of heaven has been opened within them, and they have gone forth in the service of the

Lord, through love for him and love for his children.

But the sweeping power of the church has met an obstacle. The element of fear, the threatenings of the Gospel, as presented by the old-time missionaries, have proved a stumbling-block among the intelligent heathen. When God is presented to them as a God of love, they cannot harmonize this phase of his character with the announcement that their unfortunate ancestors are suffering in hell, cast there by this loving God, because they had not accepted an unheard-of, unpresented, therefore an unrecognized Christ. They resent it, and hence the demand of practical missionaries for a higher creed to work with, and the consequent commotion of the Missionary Board, in which the very men whom I shall quote in the coming interviews as making full acknowledgments tending to Universalism are ranked on the side of "endless damnation to the heathen."

CHAPTER II.

A FEW years ago I referred to the following interview in the presence of a few clergymen of different denominations. They regarded my statement as apocryphal, especially an Orthodox divine, so famous was Dr. X as an aggressive power in his assaults on the new school of Orthodoxy. In the war that was being waged against the Second Probationists, and in the attack made upon a famous orator of the denomination, since deceased, this doctor was the champion; and so positive was he in all his statements, that any wavering of his mind toward Universalism and acknowledgment of such seemed both improbable and impossible.

I assured them that what I had told them was a fact, and that though I had been

urged to publish the interview, I refrained on account of the friendship between us, and because it was not of a public nature, though he made no secret of his state of mind, and had told something similar to a mutual friend. The clergymen accepted my statement, though I saw a shade of incredulity on their faces. The fact is, they did not understand the situation nor the condition of a mind like the doctor's, under the pressure of creed and circumstance.

I had conversations with Dr. X before the one I speak of, wherein I presented the truths on which my faith is founded. The doctor was deeply interested. Finally we held the conversation in question, in which I pressed home with marked emphasis the *pros* and *cons* of his and my own belief. This was in his house, and he sat with head bent forward in closest attention. I dwelt on the fact that the undeniable promises of God could in nowise be nullified by obscure passages which were open to discussion, that the character of God was not to be

impugned by distorting dogmas, and that the Old Testament refuted all such dogmas by its silence, and the New Testament swept them away by its assurances. I called his attention to the announcement of the angel to Mary, that she should "call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins" (sins — not punishment), reminding him that Christ's people, according to his parable of the Good Samaritan, were the whole world, and if the angel says he *shall* save the world, then no man nor creed can say he shall not! The very Samaritan set before the disciples as an example was an unbeliever, according to the Missionary Board's own position taken respecting the heathen as unbelievers, which fact is utterly ignored by self-willed theologians; for, according to them, that Good Samaritan was a child of hell. Here was Christ presenting a man to represent himself, an example of the highest manhood for the guidance of his beloved disciples, the holiest figure of his holiest parable, the creation of his own heart, an unbeliever,

and consequently a son of perdition! And this crowning parable with its crowning character was to impress on the disciples the truth that the whole world was their neighbor, his people. He shall save his people from their sins, and who of men will presume to deny his power?

The doctor nodded repeatedly to my remarks, and I think the reader will bear testimony to their directness.

I brought his attention to the anthem of the angels, "This shall be glad tidings of great joy to all people." If the heathen were ignorant of their ancestors' doom before the coming of Christ, then why should this coming, by which they were to learn for the first time of their endless damnation, be glad tidings of great joy to them? And, moreover, if through his coming the unbeliever was to be made liable for his unbelief, whether through ignorance or scepticism, and condemned to eternal misery accordingly, then how could Christ's birth bring peace and good-will to men?

I will add here, that since that conversa-

tion, the old school, seeing themselves foundering on these problems, have adopted the puerile theory that the early heathen had sufficient light in nature for the acceptance of either God or the future Christ, and they have now an equal light without the Gospel to render them liable for their non-acceptance of God as Christ would present him, or of Christ as God sent him. If, then, the heathen had and have sufficient light in themselves to justify God in damning them through all eternity for their non-acceptance, then what need of the Messiah, and what reason for the triumphant anthem of the heavenly host? Such sophistries merit the stigma of blasphemy, and a persistency in them must render these sophists liable to the charge.

I will not write all I said, except to add that I affirmed to Dr. X that they who believed in a God and Christ that could and would accomplish their desire were truly evangelical, while they who doubted this were not to be ranked as such. I had formerly argued to him that God without abso-

lute love, wisdom, and power, love to create for final good, wisdom to plan for its accomplishment, and power to accomplish, was inconceivable, — was no God; and any man who denied these attributes to God was unevangelical in the true sense of the word; while the liberal Christian, who believed in God as God, and Christ as Christ, of infinite power and love, must assume this honorable title.

The doctor had listened to me without interruption. At this stage I paused, that he might reply. With an expression which indicated the full awakening of that inner spirit which sees the truth, the opening of that kingdom where dogmas give way to conviction, he said, "D., *we have got to give up our endless misery, and the others their death and glory!*"

I responded as follows: —

"I grant your first assertion, Doctor, but I must demur to the second. Whence came 'death and glory'? Who are responsible for it? Let us see. According to the old notion, a man is not punished for

his sins in this life, and he receives no punishment in the next world if he finally repent here, so, by a word with his last breath, he escapes altogether.

"Listen, and I will draw a picture from an incident that recently occurred. A man fills his life with crime, increasing as he goes. He steals, he lies, he robs, he murders. Finally he is condemned to the gallows. You send a clergyman into his cell that he may be saved, (from what, punishment or sin?) This exhorter has eaten a full dinner. He is of the flesh, and has partaken of the flesh. His stomach is heavy, and so are his wits. Mark, now! you make the conversion of that sinner to depend on this man; you represent God as hanging the eternal welfare of his erring child on the words of an imperfect mortal made loggy by a heavy meal. This minister fails, and he leaves the cell with a full reward of curses from the lips of the blaspheming criminal. In the kindness of your heart you delegate another minister to visit the wretched

man. His wits are clear and his tongue is persuasive. He begins well. He follows up his advantage with repeated visits. At last the murderer is beneath the gallows; in the next moment he will swing into the other world. He whispers into the ear of the clergyman, which has been placed close to his lips in anxious expectation, '*I accept Christ.*' The trap falls and all is over.

"This conversion of the life-long sinner — instantaneous, forced upon him by a stronger mind — is heralded through the world in triumph. Pæans are sounded to the glory of God. *The criminal accepts the Saviour with his last breath, and is* SAVED! He had no punishment for his sins in this world, the whisper of a moment saves him from punishment in the next. Doctor, where is your 'death and glory'?"

He promptly replied, "D., *you are right!*"

I supplemented with the remark, that Christians of the liberal and hopeful spirit believe in the stern and unyielding law of

God; that punishment is meted out for every sin; that repentance saves, not from punishment, but from further sinning and its consequent punishment, reminding him that Jesus was not to save his people from the results of their sin, but from sin itself. God will release the prisoner on his own recognizance.

CHAPTER III.

THE mischievous theory, that the sinner is happy in his transgressions, is founded on so base a conception of God's government, that I wonder it has ever been entertained by persons of intelligence. Christ warns the sinner of the result (punishment) of his sins in the very performance. The wicked are already condemned (punished), inasmuch as they *love darkness rather than light.* This love of darkness deprives them of eternal life. Eternal life is God life. Eternity is NOW; and inasmuch as the sinner is losing the only true life, *now* he is dead in his sins. In the *day* thou sinnest thou shalt die. The righteous *hath* eternal life.

What an impressive lesson has been lost to nations by that theological obtuseness, that sophistical pertinacity, by which the destuction of Jerusalem, the annihilation of

the Jewish nation, as a judgment on the Jews, has been winked out of sight and made an empty bugbear, termed the Great Judgment of the Future. How terrible were Christ's warnings to the Jews, that this judgment was upon them! How he wept at the blindness of his people, who would not see what he saw, that now, here before them, *in this life*, the appalling judgment was to be visited upon them! How solemn the announcement that there were those who stood in his presence who would live to see this thing! They who picture Christ as a mere lamb in spirit should read with open eyes the Messiah's anathemas and warnings. In all dramatic literature, in the philippics of the world, there cannot be found such overpowering words as were uttered by Jesus to the recreant Jews, those self-righteous hypocrites, those whited sepulchres, warning them of the wrath to come, the wrath that should be visited on many who stood before him. Demosthenes himself pales before this awful power. No wonder they sought to crucify him!

Scholars of the old school, when driven to the wall, are forced to acknowledge that the eternal NOW was in those warnings of Christ. In a union Bible class the old Baptist professor who led, the Orthodox minister, the Methodist deacon, with the various members of the churches, discussed the lesson of Matthew xxiv. and xxv. I heard them in silence for a time, and then I put the question, —

"Professor, is this judgment a judgment of our future, or the judgment of the immediate future of the Pharisees addressed by Christ?"

There was dead silence, and then the Orthodox minister, of the old school, relieved the honest professor by hesitatingly saying, —

"Well — this, to be sure, specifically refers to the destruction of Jerusalem, but — *it is symbolical of the great judgment day!*"

I asked by what authority this statement was made. "By inference," was the answer.

So by *inference*, this example to nations, more terrible than the lesson of Sodom and Gomorrah, was to be frittered away into a cobweb theory, for the catching of credulous flies. The peculiar notion of a general judgment in the future world, after judgment had been passed and sentence pronounced at death, is an ignoble conception of Christ's legitimate warning to the Jews, who heeded him not, and hence met their doom.

How may countries have since winked at the signs of the times, as the Jews did, and have received the recompense! Our nation stamped the figure of the slave on her banner of freedom. Forgetful of the right, oblivious to the fate of Jerusalem, ignoring the warnings of Christ, and stoning the prophets, this country paid the penalty in blood; and while those trumpet notes of the Messiah are unheeded, and the ear of Christendom is given to the strident blasts of theological trumpets, so long will the nations of the East and the nations of the West bow their heads in desolation.

As with nations, so with individuals. Jesus was ever impressing on the minds of his hearers the certainty of chastisement for the committal of sin. He never held before them the alluring picture of a pleasing revel in sin, and final escape from punishment by repentance, — a premium for sin, — but he presented the immediate consequences from which there was no escape. He pictured the awful results of sin on the life of the sinner. He did not present it as a delightful indulgence to be atoned for in the dim future, but showed it to be a siren that lured one to destruction. With the loss of eternal life, the sinner became a soulless beast.

I was once walking through the country with a hard-headed champion of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, when we fell into conversation on religion. He was good-natured, so there was no wrangle over it. The shifting landscape, with its reposeful shadows, its glowing lights and harmonious tints, with its cerulean sky varied by luminous clouds, and the

distant mountains clothed in purple mist, was inspiring to our souls, and conducive to broad and liberal views.

We talked of the government of God, and I touched on the sure punishment of the evil-doer.

"Yes!" exclaimed the deacon, for such he was, "they may have a good time here, but they 'll have to make up for it hereafter!"

One could see the inward satisfaction — the gloating, I might say — of this worthy deacon over the prospect of a just retribution in the future for the unholy enjoyment of the sinner in this life.

"Do you think the sinner's is a life of unalloyed enjoyment?" I gently asked.

"Oh, yes!" he emphatically returned. "They revel in sin, and find pleasure in it; but they 'll smart for it hereafter!"

What a Christian spirit! And yet he was a great-hearted man. He was full of the poetry of the landscape. Nature was a glory to him, — the speech of God to man. He had continually pointed out the beauti-

ful flowers and the richly shaded trees. Nature was an open book, the grandest and lowliest phases being alike his inspiration. He was also a philanthropist. He worked for the poor, he gave for the poor, and into philanthropic objects he entered with zeal. He was a MAN!

And yet you see how speedily this man vanished at the appearance of his theology, which, like the traditional demon that shaped itself from the issuing smoke of a bottle, overshadowed all things good! Is it not true that the goodly nature of the man, as seen in his comments on God's works, was transformed into the Satanic by the *presto! change!* of his old-fashioned doctrines? With what grim satisfaction he mentally hurled the unfortunate sinner into hell! The devils could not be too expeditious in their work for him.

I recently heard a most tender-hearted man preach to his congregation on the recompense that lay in trials. He strongly presented the great advantage of adverse circumstances in life that brace a man

and strengthen him for greater effort. The effort to overcome obstacles girds up the loins, and prepares the soul for higher accomplishment. He then dwelt on the truth that rarety gives value to an object; the greater the self-denial, and the harder the work to attain an object, the more is it valued. Thus far, it was the model of an invigorating, encouraging sermon. But he had a special duty to perform. The Presbyterian discussion over the recasting of the Westminster Creed, the revelation of backsliding among the ministers, the heated discussions in the American Board over the Covell application for a mission, and a consciousness of his duty as admonisher to the liberal wing of the church, — all this reminded him of the necessity of some periodical attention to the lapsing theology, and so he directed his guns at the disciples of a "Larger Hope." It was humiliating to witness this transformation in a good man. His abuse of all who believed or preached the doctrine of the fatherly love of God could be excused only on the ground of that

mania which the old dogmas develop in a man who is given up to them. There he stood, an accepted teacher of the gospel, lamenting the heresy, that the sinners who had a good time in this life, and floated with the tide of enjoyment, were to have an equal share in heaven with "us who suffer incessantly in trying to do what Christ asks us to do, — with us who are righteous, who are safe beyond all question! We, the righteous, who work for our prize, are to have no advantage over the sinners, who have no struggle at all!" This was the substance of his closing remarks, and it was amusing, as well as pitiable, to witness the bitterness of spirit with which this "minister of the gospel" dwelt on the even chances with himself. Even the heathen were to have a chance. Poor man! The final triumph of love, the elimination of evil, and the end of sin were tormenting possibilities which he would gladly prevent for the final salvation of his theology.

Note the significant events that followed. To this sermon the congregation, old and

new Orthodox, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, listened with unruffled composure. The preacher's anathemas swept over but not into them. Toward the close of the sermon the sexton walked up the aisle to one of the front pews and communicated something to the head occupant, who whispered to his wife and left the church. Now the souls of the congregation were filled with alarm. Was his child sick? What was the matter? Here was a real cause for anxiety, and the preacher's harangue was but as wind to it. At the close of the service it was reported that a serious fire was raging in Boston, and the absenting brother was interested in the building. Word came that the fire might spread into a serious conflagration; and close following this report was the heart-rending news that a fire had occurred in the Italian quarter of the city, consuming twelve of the unfortunate inmates. This was frightful, and sorrow clouded the faces of those who had but a few moments before listened undisturbed to the pulpit

proclamation of torments to the damned as much more horrible than this earthly holocaust as eternity is beyond the present moment. I could not but call the attention of a church-member to the infinite difference between fact and theory.

The next day came word of the fire in Washington, and the awful fate of a Secretary's wife and daughter. Throughout the entire land the people who had listened to theological diatribes of Sunday with the usual indifference were whelmed with sympathetic grief. Here was belief in torture as a reality, there the belief in it as a dogma. My mental reply to the preacher I heard that Sunday will be embodied in the continued narration of my talk with the deacon on the road, to which I will now return.

On the declaration of my companion, that sinners revelled in the enjoyment of evil, that their lives were filled with pleasure unalloyed by their sins, I presented two careers for his eldest boy, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. I pictured

his boy a man. He enters into work for God and his fellow-men. He meets with trials and discouragements, but, lifted up by the Father for whom he works, he strengthens with adversity. Each day records some good action, and he is respected and loved of men, increasing his own happiness by his benefactions to others. Raised by a heavenly life into the atmosphere of God, living in the kingdom, he transforms calamities into blessings. He lives the eternal life, and this is his reward, which he neither seeks nor expects. The enjoyment of knowledge is in the seeking; so with the Christian, the reward of a righteous life is in the doing.

I then asked him, theology aside, what offer would induce him to commit his son, if it were in his power, to that life of intense enjoyment, of blissful revelling, of rioting and crime, which presented such attractions to his church-members, but which they repelled, on the ground that such temporary bliss was to be followed by endless woe. I pictured the entrance of his son into the

realms of corruption and crime, the revolting details of which I drew in rapid succession to the culmination at the gallows, or on a miserable death-bed. "Tell me," I said at the close, "would you for one, two, three, four million dollars?"

"Not for the world itself!" he exclaimed. "But," he hesitatingly continued, "these men get conscience-hardened, and do not care."

"Enter their souls when they are alone at night," I said, "and behold the ghostly scenes of their nightmare dreams! Would you exchange souls with them for a day?"

"Well, no," he replied.

"Then, again," I continued, "if they are conscience-hardened they are transformed into brutes; and we know that in the stories of old, a fate more terrible than death was the transformation of a human being into a beast. Would you have your son a beast?"

His negative response was explosive, and he signified that his conception of the rewards and punishments of this life was

somewhat changed. As with Dr. X, I hammered on the sternness of the more liberal doctrines, and the vacillation of his own, touching on the death-bed repentance escape, even if the sinner's life was truly a happy one. The reason for my severity on this subject is because of so much puerile talk about the tenderness, the "sentimental" phase of the hopeful doctrines as opposed to so-called law and justice.

At a certain prayer-meeting, where the speakers were of the old persuasion, the minister and leading church-members offered such a premium on sin in this life, by depicting its pleasures, and then (inadvertently) showing the way of escape from punishment hereafter through death-bed repentance, that I was impelled to rise and sternly remind the young people that *now* is the punishment for sin, this day they will die, that by repentance they may free themselves from sin, but by no repentance can they avoid the certain punishment for sins already committed. God was a loving, but not an over-indulgent parent, and

no guilty soul can escape condemnation of sin. Punishment is intended by the kind Father for correction, not for vengeance; but it is unfailing, and in proportion to the sin.

CHAPTER IV.

NO man can tell us what an hour may bring forth: so no theologian can prophesy the concessions he may make from day to day. Theology is by no means synonymous with truth. There are certain theologians who are not false-hearted but false-headed. They give themselves away under the pressure of circumstances. Having no foundation in truth, their dogmatic structure falls before the blast, or it is undermined by currents of opinion. It is often that such men are surprised into admissions that would be perplexing and annoying if they did not wave them out of mind after the circumstances that betray them into their peculiar acknowledgments are merged into the past. These remarks will apply to the incident which I shall relate of Dr. Z. This clergyman is another of the stubborn

opponents of the Second Probationists, and the writer has been told that the worthy doctor was compelled to leave a neighboring parish several years ago on account of the intensely blue tone of his theology. He is another friend whom I would in no wise treat with disrespect, and my object in presenting his dogmatic side is to render more significant the concession made by him to a Universalist friend of his whom he urged to join his church.

Some dozen years ago I made a statement in a conference meeting which could not readily be controverted, as the dead do not come back to give their evidence on such matters. I affirmed that every person, in the brief moment that intervenes between the consciousness of this life and their entrance into the other world, recognized the fatherhood of God. From my study of the Scriptures, and the relations of the soul to the body, I spoke from my deepest convictions, and I felt assured that the departed, could they give their evidence, would corroborate my statement.

You will soon see that Dr. Z himself confirmed it.

A week or more after this I was talking with the friend (of the doctor's) referred to, when he informed me that he was a member of Dr. Z's (Orthodox) church. He then related to me the following. I give the substance of his language: —

"My wife (recently deceased) was the leading woman in Dr. Z's church. She wanted me to join it, but I declined. It was painful to refuse her, but, though I had no feelings regarding myself, I would not subscribe to a declaration of faith which would involve me in a confession of belief in the eternal damnation of my relations who had died outside the pale of the church. Other members pleaded with me without avail. At last Dr. Z himself took me in hand, and repeatedly urged me to the step. I still refused. On my repeatedly stating to him my chief reasons for refusal, he finally came to the rescue with the assurance that we can never know what passes with the soul of the dying

after communication with earthly friends has ceased. He declared it possible that the soul, in that passage between the two lives, could see the Saviour, and acknowledge him. He then related to me this story of a sailor: —

"It was during a storm when a sailor fell from the yard-arm into the sea. As he sank beneath the waves a horrid oath rose with the bubble of his last breath. 'Now,' said Dr. Z, 'if he had not been recovered and resuscitated, we would have imagined him on the straight road to hell. But Heaven willed it otherwise! His body was secured, and the usual methods were taken to restore him to his senses.

"'No sooner was he conscious than, to the amazement of all on board, this wicked and blasphemous sailor, one of the most desperate of his class, leaped to his feet, and then throwing himself on his knees, he poured out a fervent prayer to God. In explanation to the wondering and awe-stricken spectators of this remarkable scene, the sailor told them that when he was

drowning the events of his entire life flashed before him, and he then realized his wickedness. Remorse and repentance were instantly followed by unconsciousness; and when his consciousness returned, it was as if he had never lost it; and the prayer was but the continuation of his vivid experience under the raging sea, as he was launched into what would have appeared to be eternity if he had not been resuscitated. As with that sinner, so with all. We cannot tell what influences for conversion may not be exerted on all souls after they have become unconscious to the world.'"

He told me that the doctor applied this story to him, and gave him the assurance that no man could pass judgment on his deceased relations who had died in unbelief, for why could they not have accepted Christ in that momentary interval of existence, as did the wicked sailor? In short, he bade his friend entertain no fears in that direction, and, with this unqualified assurance of his relatives' safety, he joined the church.

If we should charge the doctor with the heresy of Universalism, he would gaze on us with astonishment; and yet, if he has memory and judgment, granting his sincerity, he will save us the trouble of making this charge. In his battle with the new school of theology he has lapsed into his old heresy; but we must allow for his combativeness, which is a prominent bump on the craniums of the old school, and which impels them to the fray, while they ignore the confessions of the past. We must hold the doctor just where he placed himself, however; for he would not, in all propriety, go back on that solemn assurance made to a young man on so momentous a subject as the destiny of his friends and the question of joining his church.

It was certainly a peculiar coincidence, — the first declaration of the kind I had made in public, to be so soon followed by this interview with the Universalist member of the Orthodox Church, led into it by the statement of its cast-iron doctor.

CHAPTER V.

A BRANCH of education which is most serviceable in life is the study of individual character. It cannot be gained in common schools nor colleges, only so far as the student turns his eyes from the text-books to mankind about him. The youth who enters life with his brains packed with book knowledge, to the exclusion of a knowledge of the mental and spiritual forces that have made the world's history, is in a poor way for the development of his manhood.

In passing, it may be well to call the reader's attention to the relation between the meretricious effects of prizes in schools and prizes offered in religion. The legitimate objects of education are lost sight of in the selfish desire to win. The acquirement of knowledge is nothing; the gaining a prize is everything. Egotism, deceit,

jealousy, envy, — all selfish passions, — are appealed to and more or less aroused. Righteousness as such is little thought of in the theological offer of prizes. The motive is not to acquire virtue for itself, but to so conduct one's self under espionage as to pass judgment and escape from hell. If students come out of the trial unscorched, it is in spite of the corrupting tendency of the prize system. If, too, the young Christian passes his ordeal with the spirit of Christ within him untainted, it is because the system of future rewards and punishments presented to him has been ignored. High-minded souls will ignore these systems, both in the Christian and heathen lands.

In learning to read men as they are, one makes straight for the mark, and his mind is not driven hither and thither by either superficial motives aroused by others, or sophistries of strong minds that seem uttered in genuineness of spirit. Read between the lines, and you will see what men are really thinking of. Look into their

souls, and you will not hear the voice of the tongue, but you will read the language of the heart. The able general is he who studies his opponent as he informs himself of his plan. He "reads between the lines," and apprehends what his antagonist is really going to do. Strategy deceives him not, for he has penetrated the mind of his foe, and reads there his actual plan of action.

In this period of theological warfare, these methods of study and action are serviceable. The most plausible rhetorician is sifted, and his theories become as chaff. One can sit amid the applause of multitudes, before the thunders of eloquence, with calm and unperturbed spirit. He *sees!* It is not his cultured logic that aids him, but the knowledge of the orator gained through analysis of his character, which knowledge enables him to sit and listen to his soul rather than his words.

The advantage of this ability is apparent when listening to the Monday lecturer of Tremont Temple. We must accord to him

the merit of rhetorical power possessed by few pulpit or legislative orators. The writer has sacrificed hours of business to hear this gifted speaker. He is an example of the hold an orator has on his audience without exhaustion or rant. He, too, is an efficient reformer; and, though a brother reformer differs from him in his theological views, he pays him high tribute for his devotion to the cause of humanity. In the early days of his Temple series we heard him deliver an apostrophe to Theodore Parker which "brought down the house" with its eloquence. He addressed the great reformer as a triumphant angel in heaven! Dr. Miner, too, has received the highest tribute from him that one man can pay another. To be sure, the worthy lecturer may have appeared to lubricate his doctrinal antagonist with reformatory oil preparatory to gorging him in a doctrinal way, for he followed his panegyric with an onslaught on his Biblical views. He made it interesting, however, by his masterful rhetoric.

But, with all his power the worthy lecturer

plays with his subjects as an athlete will toss and catch his cannon-balls. He interests his auditors, but unless he has statistics to offer on some reformatory topic, in which he abounds, his subject remains in his hand, where it has returned, to do little more good than to surprise and entertain. The thunder is there, but not the lightning. As a statistician and rhetorician he may have few equals, but as a man of conviction, to impress his audience with it, he is a signal failure. I refer specially to conviction in doctrine. In treating on Scripture, he impresses one with his knowledge of the letter, but not of the spirit.

A notorious example of this lecturer's glamour, which most ungraciously reflected on the vast and elevated body of temperance reformers, and the philanthropic workers generally, was his rhetorical flourish of Dr. Park's threadbare sophistry, that the *doctrine of Second Probation cuts the nerve of missions!* Did the reverend gentleman realize the aspersion thus cast on all these noble workers in reforms? He thought of

nothing but to deliver a rhetorical shot for a heartless dogma, the championship of which he had assumed, either from unbiassed choice or force of circumstances.

Missionaries may work with zeal for the future salvation of the heathen, but their zeal by no means surpasses the fiery ardor, the self-denying earnestness of the temperance reformers; and yet not one of these temperance missionaries is working to save the victim of intemperance from future perdition. As with the holocausts that rend the heart of a nation, their souls are stirred to the depths by the miseries of intemperance. The missionaries seek the heathen to save them from the hands of a traditional devil; the temperance reformers battle with an actual devil — RUM! — to free the victims from his grasp, and save them from the flames of an earthly hell, a hell that roars with its everlasting fires, a hell that is filled with fiends who torture alike the innocent and the guilty, who devastate the earth, who triumph in the sufferings of men, of women, of children, of babes!

These missionaries of temperance are fighting by day, and they are watching by night. Restless, sleepless, undaunted by threats, by obstacles, by contumely, they do battle with a courage and zeal that have few parallels in history. Reflect on the heroism and devotion of those who suffered in the anti-slavery cause, on their labor, their sacrificed lives!

The Crusaders were incited by conflicting motives, and went forth, some for Christ, some for glory, and some for plunder. Except with the spiritual few, the holy ones who endured and fought for Christ alone, the triumphs of the day relapsed into the revelries of the morrow. The incitement of glory, the excitement of battle, and exhortations of the church aroused them for the time, but victory changed them from champions of the Cross to devotees of Satan. Their motives were mixed, and so were their morals.

The missionaries of our rhetorician's school have gone forth to do what? To rescue the heathen from the grasp of actual

demons? to snatch them from burning flames? to ameliorate the sufferings of the innocent, and purge the souls of the guilty? No. What is it, then? While some have been spurred to their work by their soul's appeal, others have gone forth by the incitements of the church, or through failures at home. The soul-inspired missionaries have done a work full worthy of the Lord, but of the others I can only say, their motives were mixed, and so were the results of their work. They lost not their morals, but they lost their sense.

But note a significant fact! The narrow-minded are still content to call the wrath of God down upon the ignorant heathen; they are willing to torture the souls of the living with the pictures of torture to the souls of their dead. The heartless words of indifference to the fate of the dead heathen from the speaking trumpet of the American Board at Des Moines, words which translated read, "The American Board cannot be troubled by them: let them be damned!" are echoed by the hard-headed

theorists at home and abroad. But how is it with those heart-burning missionaries who have gone out with a zeal akin to the temperance workers, whose souls are stirred by the earthly suffering they witness, they who heed the cry of the heathen for a merciful doctrine, for a Christ who will save and not lose, a God who will accomplish his beneficent purpose and desire, a God not to be defeated by the very evil that he permits for the development of greater good, evil that shall be finally transmuted into blessing by the operation of His laws? How is it with these apostles of Christ, who see the heathen as the ignorant children, and not hardened prodigals of the Father? It is they who hear the heathen's prayer for their beloved, and believe in a responsive God.

Nerve of missions indeed! The lecturer, with the worthy doctor, mistakes for a living nerve the vertebræ of a ghastly skeleton, the skull of which emits from its horrid sockets a lurid flame!

How stands John Howard and the host

of philanthropists who alleviated the woes of men with a self-sacrifice and devotion equal to the missionaries? How is it with Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, and others of the angel band, that have endured so much in behalf of the suffering? Did the nerve of their mission depend for its healthful vigor on the threatenings of an endless hell? No; they all, the philanthophic in every field, are laboring to allay the horrors of this life, leaving the future to the care of God.

Before closing this theme I will call attention to the terrible experiences narrated by Adoniram Judson. He describes scenes in the East so horrible that they haunt one as a nightmare. They are simply related, but one would hardly wish to read them just before retiring for the night. Dr. Judson knew very well that such narratives as these would stir up the Christian people more than all his theological appeals. Give them a view of the reality, and theories fly to the wind. The fearful torture of the young lover who was

caught in his attempted flight with a beautiful member of the prince's harem awakens in the breast of the Christian a sickening sense of horror, and, in sympathy with Dr. Judson, he longs to rid that country of such a seething hell as the people are suffering in. The visionary hell of the lecturer's theology is forgotten in this unendurable reality. The nerve of the mission is the desire to enlighten and reclaim the benighted heathen, and when the missionary is forced to slander God, this nerve is mangled beyond repair.

The laughter and applause of the lecturer's audiences betray a lack of genuine belief in the endless damnation of the heathen, as does the air of satisfaction presented by the speaker himself at his rhetorical success. One does not fail to see that the same audience will applaud a brilliant point made by a liberal (Dr. Parker, of London, for instance) as they will an equally good point brought out by an "old school." The theology doesn't trouble them; they simply listen to the performance. The

liberal orator can consistently enjoy it, for he is open and cheerful, and says what he thinks; but the "old school" is very inconsistent, because the audience is thoughtlessly applauding his flashes on an inhuman dogma, the laughter and applause greeting some emphatic statement of the certain doom of a benighted people. All this shows that there is no belief in the dogma, either by the lecturer or his audience.

The command of our Saviour comes sternly to us, to love our neighbor as ourself; and any man discovered smiling or self-contained while the awful fate of the damned is under consideration is either a non-believer of the doctrine, or he is revealing a heartless and wicked disregard for the suffering of his neighbor, which, in his disobedience to Christ, would consign him to the appalling doom to which he has consigned others.

Years ago I attended Elder Knapp's meeting in the Baldwin Place Church. I took notes. The young Christian of today would not credit the blasphemy of

which that man was guilty, nor the sacrilegious laughter and applause of the audience that greeted it. When the Elder pictured a "Universalist smoking in hell," and presented other pictures of the same nature (he was a master of delineation), the audience responded with such volleys of laughter and applause that the Christian(?) evangelist(??) could not for a time go on. As I, with a companion, was leaving the church, an old Baptist deacon, taking us to be earnest young converts, exclaimed, as he rubbed his hands together with complaisant satisfaction, —

"Was n't that a glorious discourse, young men?"

A number of the people had gathered around us in the vestibule, and my companion said, —

"Tell your Elder to pluck the devil of lies from his heart, and hell from his bosom!"

This was a set-back to the kind-hearted deacon, who still relished the sniff of smoke that had risen from the burning Univer-

salist, and it was a literal set-back to all of them, for they set themselves back and stared at us in amazement. I then took a hand, and charged upon them their disobedience to Christ, in showing such a vile and wicked spirit towards their neighbors, as was indicated by their uproarious jubilee over the announcement of Elder Knapp, that those neighbors were then "smoking in the tormenting fires of hell." They were dumb, whether from conviction or incredulous astonishment I cannot tell; but, as I have applied that very argument to others since, and affected them in a similar manner, I am inclined to think that they saw themselves as we saw them, — thoughtless and cruel through their doctrines.

I shall never forget the reception of an explosive climax of Sam Jones in Tremont Temple. He closed one of his characteristic sentences with the following, delivered in his inimitable manner, after an overhauling of Second Probationists, who were a greater bugbear to him than the Universalists and Unitarians: —

"As for me, I believe there is a heaven: I believe" (here he shot down one of his peculiar gestures) "*there is a* HELL!"

The boisterous laughter, the clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and thumping of canes, were in character with a country circus, and, singular to relate, — though not so singular after all, — the preacher did n't rebuke the audience, but stood there in manifest enjoyment of his success.

Now, if there were really a hell, those people, by so utterly ignoring Christ's injunction regarding their neighbors (for Jones intimated that his hell was full of them), would by this disobedience have been condemned to it at that time.

It goes without saying that no man believes in endless misery without a ray of hope, especially for the ignorant and unenlightened. If one should listen to a true story of insufferable torture without emotion, you would judge him to be either incredulous or idiotic. It is not creditable to human nature to even suppose such a case.

CHAPTER VI.

I WOULD not have the reader think me a disputatious man, for such a person is little less than a bore. The discussions I have recorded and am to record were entered into with good-nature, and no one was offended with the result. If I was very positive in my statements, it was not from an overbearing nor dogmatic temper, but from a settled conviction that the parties I talked with rather enjoyed that way of presenting my views, seeing they did no discredit to God, to Christ, nor to the heart of man. I have become satisfied that when men can consider the subject of God's government with the single-mindedness of children, they gladly entertain a conversation that shall enlarge their ideas without commit-

ting them to a formal surrender. Not be-being a professed theologian, the clergy of various denominations have not been so cautious about committing themselves to the writer, though there has been noth-ing confidential in their concessions, or in the least reserved. Their highest nature seemed to be aroused, and they have made their acknowledgments accordingly. If I used names in every instance I should be-tray no trust; but names are not necessary, and in these pages it would hardly be in good taste.

The merchant with whom I held the fol-lowing conversation was a man of large heart and strong mind, but very set in his opinions. He was the senior member of a prominent house, and as a representative of the old school of Orthodoxy he was the "terror" of his partners, who were of the new school. He was aggressive in religious matters, and I had been warned not to ap-proach him on that side, as he would "go for me" without mercy. As I was little inclined to the mixing of Scripture with

business, or to the discussion of theology in business hours, I at first offered no opportunity for an assault. One day, however, I was in his office when he referred to some matters connected with the church and Missionary Board (he was a good Christian) that were being freely discussed in the papers. I had occasion to mention the nature of my belief.

"What!" said he, "*you?* Why — why —I don't see how you can believe that way!"

"It is because I believe in God," I responded.

The worthy merchant assumed a more considerate tone, though I saw that he was preparing to make me a convert. I knew very well that the new school partners were on the watch in the adjoining office, and were settling themselves for an entertainment, but I respected the merchant too much to banter him in any way. He rolled up his disputatious sleeves and entered into the contest.

"Now, let me see," he continued. "What

are you going to do with a man that has sinned all his life, has not come to Christ, and then is launched into eternity?"

"There is no launching into eternity," I replied; "eternity is NOW."

"Well — well," he hesitatingly resumed, "we 'll say then that he dies — "

"*There is no death!*" I rejoined.

"Well — then — then we 'll have it that he refuses Christ in this life, and is suddenly called to the other life, unrepentant and without grace. What will you do with him?"

I struck for my answer on a favorite theme: —

"Do with him what the angels would. Listen! Moody declares that the worst of criminals should be converted in eight seconds. Paul says that the corruptible must put on incorruption, and the mortal immortality. Remember that Paul was addressing the doubting Corinthians, whom he called 'fools' for their doubting. Remember, too, that Paul assures us that as in Adam *all* die, so in Christ shall *all* be

made alive. Not *if* they come to Christ, but all shall be made alive, and the way is by Christ, as the angel announced to Mary. But we'll return to Moody, and take him at his word. If a soul encased in corruptible flesh can be converted in eight seconds by another soul in a mountain of corruptible flesh, how long will it take an angelic Moody to convert a soul relieved of the corruptible to put on incorruption? I leave this problem with you to solve, and will take your solution the next time I call."

"Now you're theorizing," he said.

"What! theorizing?" I rejoined. "Don't you believe that the angel hosts will work for the conversion of the poor sinners who have lost the true life through early neglect and association?"

I was getting very serious, and after a moment's silence, the good old Orthodox replied slowly, but with the voice of one who had caught a glimpse of heaven at last, —

"I don't know, Brother D., but, after

all, there may be a hope of God's mercy through Christ. As I see it now, there may be a chance for all."

He then rose from his chair, and as I followed suit to leave the office, he clasped my hand, and then, slapping me on the shoulder, said, —

"I would like to hear you speak on the subject that I mentioned awhile ago: you could do it justice." It was the very subject that led to the discussion, a favorite theme of his on the words, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," which, in that early part of the conversation, he had put forward as a text that he had long desired to see handled by Dr. H., one of the powers of his church, as a solemn warning to the unbeliever of the endless doom that must follow his rejection of the Saviour.

Here was a startling conversion. One of the mainstays of the old school, who had set out to convert me from my heresy, acknowledging the possibility — yea, the probability — of God's final mercy to all, in the

possibility of their coming to Christ at last, and expressing a stronger desire to hear me, a layman of liberal views, treat in public his favorite text, than to hear Dr. H. himself! No wonder several faces were covertly smiling as we parted. I was in no such mood myself, however. I was touched by the merchant's candor and manifestation of esteem; and I will add that, up to his death, he continued to show the same consideration for me that he did at the close of that interview.

I received a similar answer from another of the old church. This brother was naturally warm-hearted, but he was very hard in his theology. By this his heart was transformed into stone, and he would hear to nothing but the certainty of woe everlasting to the unhappy sinner. Winking out of sight the assurance of Christ and his power to accomplish his and his Father's desires, setting himself against all evidence with a stubbornness characteristic of this species of the chosen ones, he charged on me at different times. I will say at this

point that through my position in the secular world I was continually thrown into relations with the people of various churches in a manner that brought out these doctrinal conversations. As I have formerly stated, I am not disputatious with them, for I do not believe in thrusting religious matters into the faces of business men, nor of clergymen even, but when they whack one so hard with their dogmatic sticks of pine that he is compelled to defend himself, then he is warranted in using his staff of oak, not only for defence but offence. When one sees, too, that the character of his Father is assailed, he has nothing to do but to move on the works of the enemy for an unconditional surrender.

Now, this man was so stubbornly aggressive in his assaults, that I saw the only course for me to pursue was a summary one. No argument could reach him, nothing but an entering force would end this matter.

I was in a store, conversing on the topics of the day, when my disputatious friend

found occasion to again assail me. I made one or two simple replies, when he said, —

"It is impossible! I can't credit it! Come, now, you can't make me think that you don't believe endless punishment is taught in the Bible. I know you do!"

I saw that my answer must settle him then and there, for all time. The by-standers stood expecting to hear an elaborate argument from me, but they were disappointed. In this case I felt deeply the slur on my faith, which coupled with it a slur on God himself. I looked on him in silence for a moment, and then I said, "If the doctrine of endless misery, absolute and hopeless, is even implied in the Bible, Old Testament or New, — if there is one passage that indicates it, then *I pray God to strike me instantly dead at your feet!*"

A scared look came over his face, as if a midnight ghost had appeared to him. There was a hush in the store, and I confess to a hush in my own soul. The presence of God was a reality, and it was

the most solemn moment of my life. The presence of death at home and in the war never awed me like this. In that moment of absolute stillness I could understand the meaning of eternity. I was not concerned about my position, but I felt that I had called on God there and then *to be my instant judge!*

This feeling was reflected on the faces of the listeners, especially on the countenance of him who confronted me. Determined to force an entrance into the kingdom of heaven within him, the gates of which I saw were already ajar, I continued, —

"You may think me rash and audacious, but I know of what and of whom I speak. I run no risk in this prayer, for my Heavenly Father is with me, and I have nothing to fear." Pointing upward I repeated the prayer, this time more measuredly and with greater emphasis. I then said, "Are you willing to make a like prayer, abiding by the certainty of your dogma?"

The group around us waited for his

answer as one will wait for the decisive answer of a witness in court.

The cheeks of my Orthodox friend slightly paled, and a mist slowly gathered in his eyes. Finally he responded in an agitated voice, and with the thoughtful hesitancy of the convicted merchant, —

"I won't say that there is *never* to be a hope for the sinner. I think that in the far-off time there will be a way in which the merciful Father can reach and save them. I trust there will be a way that does n't appear now."

What opinion the by-standers, who were all church people, expressed was in concurrence, and this "meeting broke up." From that time we have been the best of (doctrinal) friends.

CHAPTER VII.

IT is not necessary to extend the account of such interviews as I have related, wherein the parties have betrayed their inward convictions, for I have selected those which occurred with typical examples of aggressive clergymen and laymen of the old school of Orthodoxy, the chief among them, as we have noted, being men who are giving battle to the new and broader school, and who are pledged to fight them to the end. We have seen that they have not only taken a leap beyond the Second Probationists, but they have landed square on the Universalist ground. Like the convicted inebriate, they have quaffed from the unpolluted spring, but returned to their cups, under the pressure of surrounding influence.

Through poets and advanced theologians,

the Christian world has moved steadily forward; broader views are entertained, and a higher conception of Christ's mission, and the character of the Father he came to reveal. A great work is being accomplished by liberal minds in all the churches. Prominent in the battle for the truth, which embraces a larger hope, is the new school of Orthodoxy, which will eventually absorb the old school, and stand as the type of Orthodoxy, pure, and untrammelled by mere tradition. They are a bold and determined, large-hearted and intellectual class, who embrace the highest elements of their denomination, and who extend a fraternal hand to all genuine workers for Christ.

The Universalists have acted on the Unitarians, and the Unitarians have acted on the Universalists, widening and liberalizing each other and the Christian world; and now comes that host of the new school, (why not say Presbyterians as well as Orthodox, and the others, too?) who are to conquer in the name of God

and humanity. They have secured new and higher positions for battle, while their opponents are still sounding their trumpets and calling together their troops in the swamps, with a God of such diabolical conception set before them that they could not follow or imitate him without slaying and torturing all who should not recognize their cause, or who might have been in unfortunate ignorance of their existence. Such forces must be finally destroyed by the disintegrating power of their own elements.

Too severe, do you say? No; not a whit. To imitate God as they represent him, the old school must treat all outsiders, though they be not enemies, as they affirm their God treats the heathen, — with merciless and inconceivable cruelty. Be defeated? Of course they will! And the outgrowth of their defeat will be an onward movement of Christianity which has never before been witnessed.

Some day these *isms* will have to go, and the souls of men will unite on primi-

tive Christianity, working without minor creeds or halting dogmas. But that the present generation or the next will see this consummation, I very much doubt. 'T is effort that gives a meaning to repose, and the deepest rest is awarded to him who fights the hardest battle. Man is a creature of contention, and it is through this contention that his highest development is gained. But we may contend as men, and not as brutes. We need not revive the horrible and blasphemous inquisitions in the milder but still tormenting form of social ostracism. We need not say to him who works nobly for Christ, but with different methods, "Hence from our sight, thou heretic!" for we are all heretics. The most presumptuous, soul-vacillating heretics of to-day are the very ones who cast the stigma on others.

A celebrated Presbyterian divine once said to the writer, "The Universalists are right, and so are the Unitarians, and so, too, are we, and the Orthodox: let us come together and form an apex for Christ."

This was extremely liberal. It was simply a Christian sentiment, and implies that all are to be alike in the field, but each forming a separate division, each with its individual badge will move onward for conquest over evil. I told him that while I was a believer in Christ as the Messiah, in the miracles and the resurrection, yet I had found even in Theodore Parker's writings some of the most inspiring and ennobling words on the Saviour that I had ever read. (More of Parker and Christianity in a future chapter, where I speak of his committing himself, as did Dr. X and others of the old school, through his *soul.*)

"Of course you have!" he said; "Parker was a grand man." He expressed the opinion that the great reformer did Christ's work as few of the followers of the old creeds did. I would add that Parker was truly a working Christian, if he was not what we would indorse in his scriptural views. Joseph Cook's apostrophe to him was well deserved. This Presbyterian divine, whose heart is in the movement of the new school

of Orthodoxy, but who said frankly that he could not believe in second probation till he had believed in a first, — this man is a power, and the future will show him to be a prophet.

Though I had become quite familiar with these revelations, I was taken by surprise when an eminent Baptist missionary laid his heart open to me. We had transacted some incidental business, and he was about leaving, when I said, in a low voice (other persons were in the room), "The nature of our business is such, I think it my duty to tell you how I stand in my belief." I then told him in very distinct language of my faith. "Good for you!" he returned, in a subdued voice. "I don't think any the less of you for that! Have you read Canon Farrar?" I responded to this, and added that I had read my Bible. We had an earnest talk for a few moments, in which he acceded to a faith that embraced all humanity. It was the more significant because he had addressed an audience of two thousand or more the evening before,

to aid in increasing an interest in the missions.

I think a match for this was the attendance of a famous Orthodox divine at a "liberal" church just before his death. On meeting an acquaintance there (who made the statement to the writer), he said he desired a little change from the blue atmosphere of his own church, to enjoy a bit of sunlight, before he left the world.

The liberality of the leading divines is no new thing. Thirty years ago, one of the powers of the Orthodox Church said to a near relative of the writer, "All the hell that troubles me does n't keep me awake a half-minute at night."

A leading and prominent divine of the Baptist Church, one of its most powerful and trusted exponents, said to a clergyman of liberal views, "There is no difference between us, brother, but it is n't time to tell the people all of this." He was right. The people were not prepared, and their enlightenment would have to be a gradual process. He would not tumble the steeple down on

the people's heads without warning, but let it be removed by sections, to be replaced by a new and more perfect spire, that should rise to heaven with the full expression of trust in God. The confessions of these two divines were of more importance, inasmuch as they were addressed to persons who were as prominent as themselves.

I mention these instances of confessions in the last generation as two of a large number of similar cases in those days. We cannot accuse these men of hyprocrisy, for they were among the noblest of the noble. Had they hammered away at the old dogmas in public on Sunday, and then made these private acknowledgments on Monday, they might be stigmatized as hypocrites; but they did not do this. Their discourses were broad and liberal, and intended to enlighten and liberalize their people. It is they who have done such a work in developing in their denominations the spirit from which the general uprising has sprung. It goes without saying that the liberal preachers have done a great work of pioneering, and

they are crowned as heroes, if not as martyrs; but it must be borne in mind that the men doing battle in the prevailing churches of to-day have not entered into a holiday pastime. They are men of nerve, and have been battling with a devoted spirit against heavy odds, though at the present time their advance gives prospect of a final, if not an early victory.

I may as well say here, that some of the most remarkable acquisitions made to the liberal ranks have been made by champions of the cast-iron dogmas. The converts they made were *themselves!* In these instances they were appointed to annihilate the heretical doctrine of "a larger hope" with one mighty effort. In closely searching the Scriptures for this purpose, they, being profound scholars and thinkers, discovered that the "heresy" they would dispose of for all time was the very doctrine that the Bible teaches, and their dogmas vanished. Their hideous idol was consumed, and God appeared unto them.

In the name of God and his Son, in the

name of truth, of right, of humanity, I pray the churches to reform their declaration of faith so that those perverted words, *And the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment and the righteous into life eternal*, shall be struck out. To see the young and innocent stand before the altar, their souls impressed with the love of God and the sacrifice the Saviour has made for them, in whose memory they are about to partake of the sacrament, — to see them stand there and tacitly assent to this passage, with no realization of its meaning, is shocking to one who knows of the enlightened spirit of the church and the repugnance with which the majority of the adult members listen to it. The white robes of these young converts are soiled, and their souls are stained by their thoughtless assent to a now meaningless passage. If it were quoted as Christ meant it, — the punishment of the wicked (now) in their very sinning, and the recompense to the righteous in their resultant enjoyment of God-life, — then the convert might accept it with

propriety; but as it is — I will say no more: time mends all things.

This declaration means nothing, even for the churches that use it. I would call attention to the fact that eternal life here is used in antithesis to everlasting punishment; and as the wicked could not suffer everlasting punishment (if the sense were really duration) without eternal life, then, to give the sentence any meaning, *quality* must be implied, thus taking it from the old and giving it the new rendering. So, after all the horrors that are forced into it to frighten the ingenuous convert at the table of our Lord, it proves to be a practical admonition from Christ for the conduct of the day.

One of the most dangerous dogmas is that which assures the convert that Christ has taken on himself all his or her sins. Without individual effort their sins are sloughed off as a snake will shed its skin. In a union Sabbath school, an old-fashioned church-member asked the leader if it was possible for one who had accepted Christ to

sin. "If they do wrong," he said, "their sin cannot be imputed unto them, for Christ has taken their sins to himself, and so they are without sin, whatever they may do; but they who have not accepted Christ may do good deeds and live a virtuous life, and yet it cannot be imputed unto them for righteousness; they can do no good in the sight of the Lord, and if they perform a good act in a state of unbelief, that very act is a sin in the eye of the Lord!" A premium on sin with a vengeance!

It was the fortune of this good man to be visited by two of the "ungodly" during his last illness. These two angels of mercy were constantly at his bedside, with refreshing dainties and words of consolation. Their holy mission may not have been imputed to them for the righteousness of his creed, but we may well imagine that his own benediction and the benediction of heaven were on them.

The theories of grace and the atonement that have been so long advanced are responsible for a vast amount of evil. That a man

can have grace without working for it, and can get rid of his sins by proxy, is a self-complaisant heresy, which Christ, should he come among us, would condemn as he condemned the Pharisaical practices of his time. Jesus was ever enjoining on his disciples the necessity of combining faith with works. Belief in him led to salvation through its inspiring power, and because the believer made his Master an example unto himself, and through him came to the Father, who sent him to reveal all things good. There is no mystery about it. The crucifixion of Christ was not a mystical form of sacrifice; it was the method by which he was to fulfil his mission, that the world might be drawn to him, and that his resurrection from the tomb might be manifest.

But I stated in the beginning that I am not a professional theologian, and so I 'll not get off the track on which I started. Common-sense will guide us in Scriptural matters better than all the dogmatic theology in Christendom. Speaking, however, of the believer going to heaven on the name of

Christ reminds me of that story of Lyman Beecher, who, when the frightened people were begging him to pray for them in a storm at sea, told them to pray for themselves: they were n't going to get to heaven on his coat-tails!

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is not always necessary to enter into lengthy arguments in disposing of a "hardened case," or unwind a spool of Scriptural texts. When I attended the union church I have referred to, I entered into the services with such zeal that the old-fashioned church-member I have already mentioned sought me after the benediction and urged me to take hold with them.

"Come and help us, brother!" he fervently said. "We need you here. Help us in the prayer and praise meetings. We want just such zeal as yours!"

I saw that he took me for a red-hot associate of the old-liners, perhaps one of the Moody band. I hastened to disabuse his mind. As we walked out of the church, I said, —

"Perhaps I'd better tell you first who and what I am." I then told him of my lib-

eral views, my hopes, etc. "You can be as liberal-minded here, however, as —" (here I mentioned some of his leading church lights, doctors who had confessed to me or some friend their inner convictions on the matter). "Now, I shall be ready to help you, but on my own ground."

His face lengthened; he hemmed a moment, and then he launched into me with all the vigor of a good old disciple of the good old school. He would n't trouble me, — to be sure he would n't, — but how, *how* could any man entertain such notions? (Horrible thought!) Why, he could not conceive how a man could be so loose in his theology and be honest! It seemed to him that one could rob and do worse things without any restraint! And so he went on.

"Every man must be a judge of his own character," I replied. "Perhaps you do need the restraining influences of fear. I am grateful to God for his blessings, and I think it worthy of me to show my gratitude by good behavior."

He was silenced for a space, and then he

took another tack, and opened a full broadside on me.

We were going the same way, and I was glad of it, for I saw that before we separated I must dispose of him for all time. I waited till we were about parting at the junction of two roads, and then I delivered my last shot. I said to him, in a most serious manner, —

"I do not know your name, brother, but I can give you no better idea of the comprehending breadth of my religious views than by informing you that I believe — yes, sir, I believe — that *you* will be saved!"

He looked incredulous, if not aghast.

"I mean what I say," I repeated; "and I want you to believe me when I tell you, my faith is so comprehensive that I can assure you of your own salvation!"

What could he say, without committing himself to self-righteousness? He said nothing; and though I had much to do with him afterwards, we were the best of friends. He once accused me of leading souls to the devil, and charged me with

having a heavy responsibility on my shoulders, because, in the Bible class, I, who did not wish to obtrude arguments, simply asked questions that the good Baptist professor who led, and the Orthodox pastor of the old type could not answer. This did not mar our friendship, however.

The story of our interview got out, to the amusement, even, of his old associates, for a young man stood by who heard the close. When the silenced brother left us this young Christian came up to me and asked how I would explain such and such passages, in which the heathen stood a very slim chance.

I told him that, he being so much younger than I, it would be inappropriate for me, a stranger just among them, to fill his mind with my doctrines. I would refer him for explanations to Dr. —— and Dr. ——, and I mentioned two or three of those shining lights who had made the confessions I have recorded. "They are learned men," said I, "and will give you fuller explanations than I can." He retired satisfied.

Another amusing instance was in connection with a prominent manufacturer of the State. He was at the head of a large establishment, and was a member of the governor's council. He was an able man, and had been urged to go into the ministry, so interested was he in religious matters, and eloquent in expressing himself. He bantered me at times on my faith, till one day he said, in response to some remark of mine about certain losses in business, —

"Do you know why you did n't come out all right there?"

"Well, what is it?" I asked, seeing a facetious expression on his face.

He then said it was because I was not in the Calvinistic fold.

This was a different man from the last, and I treated him accordingly.

"If you believe in hell, foregone and unmitigated, you are going there," I said.

With the air of one prepared to resent an insult, he demanded, —

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean just what I say: if you believe in hell, absolute and unconditional, and your belief is well founded, you are as sure of going there as you are certain of sitting in that chair."

"Explain yourself."

"If there is a hell, and you believe you are neither going there, nor are liable to go there, then you are guilty of self-righteousness, which Christ condemns as the worst of sins; if you doubt that you are going there, then you will surely go; and if you know you are going there, then you are the best judge of your own deserts, and your doom is certain."

His stern expression relaxed, and, looking up into my face with a complex expression, he said, —

"Do you want to know what my religion really is?"

"I do."

"Love your neighbor as yourself; that is *my* religion."

He never bantered me again.

I recently repeated this story to a hard-

ened old hickory Methodist, a member of the council, who was continually haranguing me, and wondering how in the world I could entertain such high notions. "Why not be on the safe side?" said he. "If there is a real hell, be prepared, that you may keep out of it; and if there is not, then your believing in one can do you no harm."

"What!" said I, "cast an aspersion on the character of God? If a hell could be created, it would be for those who charge him with having already created one, and it would be specially for those who charged him with hurling into it the poor creatures who never heard of him or the Saviour." I then repeated the brief address made to my manufacturing friend. Neither he nor a Methodist minister present received it so good-humoredly as the manufacturer, but I was never troubled again; and, moreover, my hickory friend ultimately made concessions which showed that his mind was travelling in the way of all the others. He has since passed to that world where God is better known.

One of the most pleasing *finales* to such episodes was in the closing of an experience at Andover several years ago. I lectured for the college, through an invitation from the star graduate of that year, who had already received a call from a Congregational society in the West. I was his special guest, and as I reached the college an hour before the time set for the lecture we occupied ourselves in conversation on various topics. His room being directly over the chapel, and the hour for the lecture approaching, he would go down to learn the condition of things, and on his return report the number and character of the audience, exclusive of the students. This professor had arrived, and that professor was coming. They were to have a good delegation from the Phillips School, and some of the best people of the town were in the audience. It was getting to be quite interesting. I was to have an "appreciative" audience. Prof. Park was ill, but his spirit would be with us, etc., etc.

The student had called my attention to

a recent work, and while I looked it over he took up a book that lay on his desk and perused it. Suddenly he exclaimed, —

"These men ought to be hung! It 's too bad!"

I turned my attention to him, and saw that he was highly indignant over certain passages in the book. There was an expression of perplexity modifying the indignation, which struck me as peculiar. "What is he so excited over?" I thought. "It is not an atheistical work, for he would n't be so perplexed; neither is it any self-apparent heresy. He has come across a snag. Something there refutes his peculiar dogmas, and he sees no way to get over it. I made up my mind that he was reading a religiously liberal book, that is, a book of liberal ideas, but so religious in spirit and strong in argument as to bother him. I could n't see it, to judge by its appearance, but it flashed upon me that as he said "*these men*," it was a recent collection of sermons by able minds of hopeful views.

"What are you reading?" I asked.

"Why, it's this book of —— sermons!" he returned, in a lugubrious and petulant voice.

For the first time I saw how I stood. I had come in contact with the college and this student through a clergyman of great influence, and I now realized that the young man had taken me for one of his own order, and that he still labored under this misapprehension. Here was a situation! The audience were now waiting for me — me, an Orthodox of the Dr. Park stamp to them, but in truth a very different person. This troubled student had assumed me as a special associate, and now, at the last moment, I learn of his mistake. I could not permit him to remain in ignorance, and so, with a few words of introduction, I said, —

"I am glad to tell you that the best men in all denominations are growing liberal, as they should, and the times are advancing." I then told him that I was of the same school of the men who wrote that book. As I spoke I became aware that I was looking at him rather more sternly than was necessary, but I

have before said that, while any attack on me personally was generally met with simple banter, any reflection on my faith called out the aggressive side of my nature. No one who believes in God as a father of mercy should ever permit himself to remain on the defensive; it is his sacred duty to carry war into Africa, when occasion requires.

The student looked blank, and then a genial expression overspread his countenance.

"After all," he rejoined, "I believe in liberality"; and soon afterward I was addressing my audience. He showed me every attention possible till I departed, the next day, desiring to clean my watch (he had served as apprentice to a watch-maker in his earlier days), so that I might remember him by it. A few months later he entered my room, and said he had come all that distance from the station on purpose to bid me good by.

"You are the friend that I desired to see last before going to my parish out West," he said. "It seems like a benediction. I

have come way up from the station for it, and now I can go in peace." He left without delay, carrying with him my blessing. I shall follow that young man's course with the deepest interest. That he counts one for the enlightenment of the American Board, I make no doubt.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE or two other incidents of a character similar to those just related may not be out of place, as still showing the appreciation among men of square talk and plain dealing. Some fifteen years ago I lectured for an Episcopal church, the rector of which, having heard of the lecture through the Y. M. C. A., engaged me to deliver it in his chapel. I was *incognito*, as you will presently see; that is, it was taken for granted that I was a genuine "hard-shell."

The rector and I became fast friends, and we had familiar talks together on different subjects. One day he said to me, —

"Look here! they're trying to guess what denomination you represent. My people who heard your lecture are varied in their guesses. One says Orthodox; but no, you are too enthusiastic; another says Methodist; but no again, you are too

æsthetic; another touched on the Baptists, but—" Here he hesitated, and I at once came to his relief, and told him just how I stood.

As with the Andover student, he was silent for a moment, but, recovering himself, he replied in language so near that of the student that it was almost *verbatim et literatim.*

"Yes, Mr. ——, I believe in liberality," he repeated; "and if my people don't like it, why — I 'm a bachelor, no family dependent on me, and I can pitch my tent somewhere else."

Immediately after this, I was called on by a prominent and fastidious Episcopal rector, who told me that he was intending to engage Dr. —— (one of the leading divines of his order) to address his guild that evening on their moral and religious duties, but his brother rector, Rev. Mr. ——, had recommended him to engage me. I accordingly addressed his young men, as he desired. The rector who had recommended me to him was my new-made friend, who himself engaged me to address his Bible

class on their moral and religious duties for the coming year. Such incidents reveal not only the wide-spread liberality of the clergy, but they show the advantage of plain dealing.

One of the most notable instances of an immediate response to an unequivocal statement of one's position occurred years ago, when I addressed a convention of Congregational ministers on a certain topic that embraced some thoughts on Christ. At the close, an enthusiastic clergyman remarked that I was as good an Orthodox as the ministers present. This was greeted with applause. I saw his meaning, but I did not wish any possible misconstruction to go out, and as I was aware that much, if not all of the applause was prompted by a literal understanding of his words, I stated that the doctor and I agreed on many things, but I believed that "somehow the devil would be defeated, and we should all be brought in at last." This was greeted by an applause much heartier than before; and different clergymen treated me ever after

with a consideration that one could hardly have expected, under the circumstances.

Reference to Prof. Park, of Andover, recalls to mind a similar talk I once had with an active member of the Congregational Church, who lived in a neighboring town. We were on the train, and fell naturally into conversation on religious topics. He had occasion to quote the words, — which he attributed to Prof. Park, — "*As a tree falleth, so does it lie.*"

"I had no idea that Prof. Park was a materialist," I replied. "I have heard the Monday lecturer repeat this, and, inasmuch as he indorsed it, he, too, is a materialist."

My companion was deeply shocked at this charge, and asked me for an explanation. I replied that any statement which fixed the condition of the soul as a tangible substance was materialism, rank materialism. The soul could not be compared thus to a tree; it was rather like a miry pool. The sunlight of heaven streams down upon it, and draws the pure dew of the spirit upward, leaving the gross material with its mother

earth. As the water is purified by its ascension from corruption, so is the soul. As every pool thus gives up its purified water, so does every body yield its spirit raised and purified in the atmosphere of heaven.

My friend could not but respond to this with a nod.

"Then, again," I said, "the tree does not lie forever, for, with its decay, it is resolved into the ethereal elements. So the only thing that lies is the figure itself!"

I added that the figure of the nails and the post, so freely used to typify the lasting effects of sin, is also gross materialism, and, if we would go further, the doctrine of endless misery is still grosser materialism, representing, as it does, the soul to be fixed forever as death finds it. Nothing is fixed, even on earth, for all substances, though apparently fixed, are being constantly resolved into the elements. I expressed my surprise that scholars should be guilty of such carelessness, not to say ignorance.

I once heard a masterly sermon on the subject of no change after death, in which the

speaker turned the guns effectually on the old-school theologians. If the sinner is happy in this life, and there is no change after death, then he will continue to enjoy himself in his sin If the righteous man is unhappy in his righteousness, then, if there is no change after death, he will be unhappy in the other world. He covered the whole ground. We might add, that, as Paul says, the corruptible must put on incorruption, this dogma of no change after death is in direct contradiction of the apostle. No wonder sceptics are turned out so abundantly, when the assurances of the Bible are so frequently denied by those who assume to be the appointed teachers of the Holy Word.

CHAPTER X.

I HAVE often been questioned by earnest minds of the different churches regarding the grounds of my faith as founded on the Scriptures. I have endeavored to embody my answer in general statements and a few positive texts that cannot be controverted. In other words, I have sketched it with a broad hand, leaving the minor details for my auditor to obtain from scholars whose profession it is to expound the Scriptures according to the broader and higher faith. At present, I propose to record a vision that will give a faint conception of the realities declared by the gloomy dogmas which are now resolving themselves into such traditional mists as we read of in the legends of old.

One night, when the air was so clear that myriads on myriads of twinkling stars were visible to me, I stood in contem-

plative awe at the vastness of creation. Those bright stars, which seemed so near that I could almost communicate with them, were so far away that the earth, had it started for them ages ago, at one thousand miles a minute, would not yet be half way; and were she to whirl through space to reach the more distant stars, ages on ages would find her still at the comparative beginning of her journey. As I looked into the heavens, realizing somewhat of the majesty of the universe, my soul wrapt in awe and adoration, nature about me calm and peaceful, all suggestive of God's infinite power and love, I heard approaching me a wail so heart-rending in its agony that my blood froze in my veins. I looked in the direction of the sound, and was rooted to the spot in horror. The wailing increased in its agonizing tones as it approached, till it resolved itself into words. There just over me, passing with rapid motion, was a being with a face so awful, so appalling in its suffering, that I trembled like an aspen leaf. I would have stayed

and questioned it, but it made a warning gesture, cast an appealing look upon me, and then passed onward with its wailing petitions for mercy.

As I listened in responsive agony I heard other cries of suffering, and soon one, two, three, then tens and scores of beings passed me with such piercing wails that I lost all sense of being, and was like one in a nightmare, unable to speak or move. Hundreds now followed, then thousands, till the heavens were filled with them, and the stars were hidden from my sight. The faces of those near me were contorted with such looks of agony, as their eyes were uplifted in pleadings for mercy, that I, had I not been sustained by an invisible power, would have lost my reason.

At last my tongue was loosed, and I cried, —

"Tell me! tell me!"

Then came the wailing answer, —

"We are the children of God who never knew him! We are the children of Christ who never saw him on earth!"

"And God has damned you for what you could not help?"

"Forever! forever!" was answered, in wails that filled the heavens.

"Will he not be merciful to you?" I called in grief, as they still swept on with their awful cries.

"No mercy! no mercy! from everlasting to everlasting!" they cried; and their eyes, in horrible agony, turned upward in piteous appeal.

At once every star appeared to me surrounded by these suffering beings, and the heavens were filled with wailing.

"Is this the handiwork of God?" I cried. "Is this what the firmament is to declare? Is this the outcome of his creation that he called 'good'? Are these the ignorant souls that Christ was to save from sin? If this be God's work, if this be Christ's work, then —"

"Blaspheme not, for the angels are praising God!"

This voice came from an unseen source.

"Where are the angels?" I cried. "There

can be no place for them: the suffering damned are filling all space! Can one praise God for this, and be an angel?"

At that moment I heard a strident laugh, which I recognized as the laugh of a theologian of the old school who had been prominent in portioning out to the heathen this everlasting misery.

"What troubles you, my friend?" he said.

"Horrible!" I returned. "I can bear it no longer!"

"Pshaw! Don't let that trouble you! These are pagans. Let them sing praises to the justice of God. This will give me a capital text for next Sunday's sermon. I'll keep my people awake!"

In my loathing, I turned to rebuke the heartless man, but he was gone. At the same instant my vision vanished.

This would seem an exaggerated picture; but if the unholy dogmas of the day were true, it would be but a shadow to the reality.

CHAPTER XI.

AS I stated, at different times I have been asked by members of various denominations the grounds of my boundless hope in God's mercy. I have given them a suggestive sketch of it, throwing in the main details, so as to connect the beginning of the Old Testament with the closing of the New. In this manner I will endeavor to impart it to the reader, who may feel interested in what I shall here suggest.

To begin with, a God with all the attributes that Jesus bids us imitate could create nothing except for final good. Then, again, a true father will warn his children of the full result or penalty of disobedience; and if he details the penalty, then it is to be presumed that he gives them information of all that is to follow their evil actions. No father ever concealed from his children a knowledge of the punishment reserved for

them, that knowledge being necessary for their guidance, especially if such punishment were one of unusual severity. This would be impossible with God, who bids us love even our enemies, aside from love to our children.

The fact that Adam and Cain, according to the record, were never warned of a punishment for their sins beyond this life — a punishment, too, of extraordinary severity, *the* punishment, as it is claimed — is absolute proof that no such punishment was contemplated by the Father for those that he thus kept in ignorance. The absence of any such reference in the Old Testament is conclusive evidence that no endless punishment for the benighted men of those times was meditated by the Creator. Even when Cain said of his earthly punishment, "This is more than I can bear," the Lord was silent.

Neither do we find any such reference in the New Testament. Moreover, the promise of the announcing angel to Mary, that her son, Jesus, should save his people from their

sins, and the proclamation of the angel host to the shepherds are supplemented by assurances of the same nature throughout the Gospels and Epistles.

John the Baptist has nothing to say about it. He warns the people for the first time of the wrath to come; and he gives them to understand that it is to be immediate. He says nothing of the penalty of unbelief, which would include the heathen; he simply admonishes them, when they anxiously question him about the means of salvation, to strictly perform certain duties of the day, — to live righteously in the eternal NOW. He took it for granted that they were to *believe* in Christ, for no one will either voluntarily obey or imitate another without belief in him. They could not be reclaimed without it, either in this life or in the life to come.

You will mark, that when Jesus was specifically questioned about the kingdom of heaven he associated it with the individual and his life on earth. His words on the kingdom in a larger or higher sense were

always of a beneficent character; and Paul exults over the final triumph of the Saviour, when all shall be gathered unto the Lord.

Returning to the subject of *belief*, you will observe that when Jesus was asked by Zaccheus what he should do to be saved, he vindicated John, by giving the same reply. Here are the test questions to both Christ and John; and in neither case did they speak of aught but the duties of the day, — no reference even to belief. We may well understand Christ's meaning when he admonished his followers to believe on him, for only through this belief could they enter into and enjoy that true life on earth which he termed eternal (God-like); and through this belief in him and his warnings would they be spared the terrible fate of the Jews, — a fate which overtook and overwhelmed that people at the time he prophesied.

The puerile assertion that men of liberal views believe all are to be saved without effort of their own is unworthy of comment; it merits the utmost contempt. The

liberal Christian *knows* that no man can be saved from sin without strenuous effort; while the very people (especially the clergy) who charge them as above stated are the ones who preach everlastingly that all can be saved without effort, by a single word, even in the last breath of a criminal life.

I need not delay the reader with arguments that are embodied in the conversations already recorded, but will suggest one or two more passages that promise and imply the final triumph of good over evil. Christ tells the Pharisee, one of a class denounced by Jesus as vipers, hypocrites, and whited sepulchres, that the kingdom of God is within him, unconditionally so. So it is in every man. The spirit of God, then, is in every man; and as this spirit is incorruptible, the soul, when freed from the flesh, rises untrammelled by earthly environments. This meets the declaration of Paul, that the corruptible shall put on incorruption and the mortal immortality. The doctrine of total depravity is impious in declaring the kingdom or spirit of God in man utterly

corrupt from birth. It could only have emanated from St. Augustine, whose life previous to his enunciation of the doctrine would seem to have suggested to his mind this atrocious dogma.

If we analyze the Lord's Prayer, we find it to be expressive throughout of the broad faith, practical and theological.

There are many passages that contain unequivocal promises of Christ to draw all men unto him; but as this chapter is meant to be rather conversational than dogmatic, I refrain from dragging the reader into a labyrinth of texts which scholars have so fully discussed. I will say, however, that no reliable scholar will base the doctrine of unending, hopeless misery on such words as *endless*, *eternal*, and *everlasting*. These words have been tampered with to such an extent that the practical lessons of Jesus, in which they are used, are entirely frittered away.

Have we sufficiently considered the words in John: "He that feareth cannot be made perfect in love"? This does not mean *fear*

in the sense of reverence, but of dread. As the doctrine of never-ending despair is founded on fear, the motive of preaching it being to arouse it to the fullest extent, then it follows that, according to these words of Christ, no proselyte to this doctrine of fear can be made perfect in love. In other words, the doctrine is, in its very nature, under the condemnation of Christ, and so of God.

The excuse given by the old school of the American Missionary Board for appealing to the emotion of fear is that it is only by this method they can reach the soul of the lost sinner. This is a fatal error. Even if a temporary effect seems to be produced, it cannot compensate for the loss of confidence in God among those who hear these aspersions on his character with incredulous minds; and the violence done to his word, by torturing texts out of their real meaning for this reprehensible purpose, is resented by intelligent men. It would seem incredible that the church of Christ could survive these lamentable practices; but,

through the goodness of God, every convert is made permanently so through love. We may call it self-righteousness in adult church-members, when they proclaim the certainty of their own salvation; but in the young this conviction arises from a confidence in God as their Father. Once in the fold, they are kept there by the revelation of God's love through their entrance into the kingdom that is within them. The Methodists may present God in his wrath, but Christ is the messenger of love, and it is through him that the converts are brought into the fold. If they could but see themselves as we see them, they would realize it is the liberal element in their revivals that accomplishes the permanent work.

I attended certain Methodist revivals a few years ago, when the male converts testified to their gratitude to Christ for saving them, not from hell, but from rum-drinking, rum-selling, and other wicked practices; and the women were grateful to him for salvation from various phases of sin. In other meetings some one might have expressed his

gratitude for salvation from hell, but I heard nothing of this in those I attended. All attention was directed to the entrance into the true life, the opening of eyes to the blessing of righteousness, the revelation of God through Christ, their transformation from beasts to men and women, or, to sum it all up, their translation from a low estate into the higher realm of God.

Truth will prevail.

As I have previously stated, this element of fear will not work among the heathen at the present day: the Chinese and Japanese are too intelligent to be scared by any theological owls, and the missionaries whose hearts are in the work are free to affirm that the threats of damnation would react against them, and that it is repugnant to their own feelings to breathe out fire and destruction on people who have never had the light.

An amusing incident of my boyhood will be a fit closing of this chapter. I with a brother got into a discussion on the subject of hell-fire with a boy who had "experienced religion" at a revival. Each day we

would go to the store, where we all acted as errand and cash boys, well primed for a fresh charge. Day after day we debated the question, till it resolved itself into, "*Is* there a hell, any way?" We drove the young convert through the Old Testament, and then through the New, clearing up the ground as we advanced, till we reached Revelation. We had already shown him that Paul's grand announcement of the final triumph of Christ and the consummation of his desire swept away all pretence of a hell and endless evil, and we were driving him through Revelation. Finally, as he stood pressed against the wall, he exclaimed in triumph, —

"Now, what does it say? 'And death and hell were cast into a lake of fire!'"

"Good enough!" returned my brother; "then there is n't any hell left. That 's the end of it!"

The Bible was closed, and so was the discussion. Hell was consumed in a lake of fire; and yet how stubbornly have the followers of the old creed held to it as a

reality! If they plead that this was a figure of speech, they then give up their dogma at once, for it is on the ground of figures or hebraisms that the liberal wing has explained those passages which could be explained in no other way. This scholarly method has been opposed by those who have charged the liberals with twisting Scripture for arguments. One good old brother of the union church I have referred to was accustomed to say when out of his doctrinal stock: "Stick to Scripter, brother, stick to Scripter!" and then the next engagement would find him using his paper missiles of figures to explain away the direct passages that give unqualified evidence of the triumph of good over evil.

We must take them at their word. As there never was a literal hell, this passage in Revelation is well understood by us as being a grand figure of speech; but if there ever was one, then our friends must hold to their literalness, and leave it where John left it, — in the lake of fire. One of the most amusing, not to say ridiculous, exhibitions

of straddling two horses is the attempt of the old school to ride through the mooted parable of Dives and Lazarus. If it is to be taken literally, then heaven and hell are curious places, and the angels must spend a blissful season, mingling their anthems with the lamentations of the damned. If the juxtaposition of these two realms is to be explained away as metaphor, we will accept the whole parable as Christ presented it, — a temporal warning, which, had his pharisaical hearers given heed to it, would have saved them from the direful results of their blinding bigotry.

CHAPTER XII.

SEVERAL years ago, I was invited by Gen. C——, the warden, to lecture before the inmates of the State prison. I responded with a desire not only to serve the prisoners but also to study so rare an audience. I shall never forget that seven hundred. On those faces was written every phase of crime, ranging from the robber and murderer to the sneak-thief. Here was the deep-eyed burglar of a dozen campaigns sitting beside a smooth-faced youth who had but recently tasted of crime and prison fare. "Do you see that red-headed fellow on the fourth seat?" whispered the general, before I commenced; "that man was put in here for —"; and he mentioned a horrible crime which cannot be written. "That flat-headed one back of him was up for murder, but he got off on second degree, and here he is." Here were revengeful Portuguese, there

Italian assassins, here mercurial and crafty Frenchmen, and there hard-fisted, grim-visaged Irishmen. These, together with the cosmopolitan American, formed inexhaustible studies for the psychologist. At my left, on the front seat, were three desperate characters who had attacked an officer as they passed out of the chapel the Sunday before, but whose designs had been thwarted by the prompt action of the warden. They were separated from the other prisoners, and the general kept his eye constantly upon them.

I was finally introduced to my audience, and a very select audience it was; you'll find nothing like it in the world at large. Though intended for instruction, the lecture was made up of the serious and humorous. The prisoners greeted my sober delineations with the same vociferous laughter which followed the humorous. They had met for a good time, and, while I enjoyed their merriment, they were benefited by the healthy ventilation of their spirits.

At last I came to a critical part of my

lecture, which was sacred in its character. I had studied my audiences on various occasions, and found that while individual characteristics came to the surface as they listened to the ordinary portions of my lecture, this individuality was merged into a unity of expression when I directed their minds to the religious themes. I proposed to give these laughing and rollicking "wild beasts" the religious portion in full, and was to sing, unaccompanied, the sustained aria of Handel, "Comfort ye my people," as introductory to the vocal examples of the psychological truth, that the character of the musical composition harmonized with the lines and expression of the composer's physiognomy. I was to learn if these men were really human beasts or living souls. I confess that it was not a promising experiment; and had I told an outsider of my intention, he would doubtless have pronounced me a crank. "Why not call for prayer in a dime museum?" he would have said, "or for the Doxology at the close of a prize fight? Here you are, without an accompaniment, and

propose to drawl out the sacred classics, which only a cultured audience would listen to. These hyenas will laugh them down your throat!"

Well, it did seem as if my efforts were to meet with this fate, for, when I delineated the portraits of Handel and Mendelssohn with a serious and instructive air, the "house came down" with laughter; and yet I was to enter at once on the aria. "Well," you ask, "did they laugh you down, or did they yawn you into silence?" Neither, my good friend, neither. I had always given hardened men the credit of possessing souls, but I never dreamed that some of the most intensely devout listeners to sacred arias that I had ever sung to would be found in such an audience. The moment I began, all laughing ceased; and as I pointed upward during the passage, "Saith your God," I glanced over that seven hundred, and the look in every man's eye was startling in its unfathomable depth. So they remained to the close. They reminded me of that blasphemous

drowning sailor who cursed God as he sank, and, when recovered, threw himself on his knees in prayer.

As I looked into those eyes I saw a soul in every one of them. Nothing but a sacred appeal could have touched them like this. Music alone could not have done it, but music combined with the sacred words, rendered in a prayerful manner, so impressed these souls encased in the corruptible that for that brief time the incorruptible prevailed. It was with an appreciation of this soul in man that the evangelist affirmed that the worst sinner could be so quickly converted. Shakespeare expresses it in "The Merchant of Venice": —

> "Look, how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold;
> There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

It is only through the sacred element

that music can rise to the highest realms. The great composers have handed down to us secular pieces that inspire us with poetic thought and arouse our sensuous nature, but the most sublime and inspiring is in their religious works. Handel could not cope with his Italian rival in operatic composition, but when that grand spirit poured itself out in oratorio, then the conqueror appeared, he who came in the name of the Lord; and while his operas are placed upon the neglected shelves of students, his oratorios are constantly mingling with heavenly anthems, inspiring the hearts of men, and increasing with the lapse of time. So it is with Mendelssohn's sacred works. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Palestrina, and the mighty Bach, with that entire galaxy of genius who have brought heaven so near to earth, they carry our souls the highest and touch deepest our hearts with the sacred element of their immortal works.

How touching, how suggestive of simple devotion, those words of Matthew: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went

out into the Mount of Olives"! As if to crown the last hours of earthly life with their beloved Master, they lifted their souls to God in song. It is beautiful!

We gather for worship in the house of God; the organ pours forth its harmonious strains; and as we listen to the swelling notes, and the restful modulations that bring us to the realms of peace, all dogmas that harden the heart, all theories that hamper the soul, are forgotten for a season; again they pass from mind when the closing anthem is sounded by voices of praise.

What a mighty force we feel in Luther when singing the Doxology! That power which revolutionized the Catholic world is embodied in this tune that not a million voices in unison could exhaust!

I have often thought that, while the art of painting is beautiful, music is specially the art of heaven. It is drawn from the unseen, and well expresses our conception of the spiritual realm; and we ever associate the birth of Christ with the anthem of the angels.

And here let me say, that poetry and art

are governed by the same high law. The masters of both have given the world grand productions in the secular spirit; but, as with the great composers, their grandest are their sacred works. Religion is the foundation of the highest art; and it cannot live and increase without it. Sceptics may tell us that art has naught to do with religion, but in the next breath they will trumpet forth their laudations of the peerless art of the Greeks, which never would have had birth without the sacred element.

Religion is LIFE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE result of conversations with clergymen and laymen of different opinions on the subject of Christ's divinity can be given in the words of an Orthodox minister, a graduate of Yale: "After all, the difference is simply in words." I discuss the matter with Dr. X, and when I ask him if he believes that Christ is actually God, he replies in the negative, and finally he comes to the conclusion that Christ is the manifestation of God in the flesh. I have discussed this question with others of like standing in our evangelical churches, and the discussions have resolved themselves into the same answer. In other words, the Son of God is not God whose Son he is, but is the special representative of God, to manifest him to man, to reveal him as the Father whom his children are to imitate. He is to be our guide, consoler, Saviour, through

whom we come to the Father, and through whom we know of the resurrection, and by whom we can approach our Father in repentance, and enter into the kingdom as the result of a purified heart. He comes with authority from God, delegated with power to accomplish what is necessary for the fulfilment of his mission. Hence the final result of discussion is the declaration that Christ is a manifestation of God in the flesh.

Now, let us see how far off such a man as Theodore Parker really is, if there be such a chasm between him and the Orthodox divine as we might imagine. Parker says that Christ was so pure, so good, so wise, so far above mankind, that the sages of Greece and Rome must veil their faces before him. He again says that Christ was a medium between God and man. Here was the inner consciousness of a soul manifesting itself in contradiction to the dogmas the intellect puts forth; for the sceptic can dogmatize as well as the churchman. What Parker's intellect did not see, his soul perceived as by a vision.

Mark the result of this concession. Here is one peerless for his wisdom and truth, so lofty in his position, that he is a medium between God and man. If, then, he be true, he will say nothing false; if he is wise, he will affirm nothing he does not know. Read the Gospels, and see what they say of him, — what he says of himself. Throw all of Parker's works into the alembic, and they come out this peerless gem: —

CHRIST IS THE SON OF GOD.

Like Dr. X, Dr. Z, and others of their class, the soul of the sceptical dogmatist recognizes the great central truth; and, like them, he champions with words a cause which this inner consciousness does not recognize. The cause which both these extremists have confessed to through this soul is the one that God has established.

Emerson well remarks that, while the great men of past ages were the centre of the land that constituted their country, Jesus is the centre of the universe. He thus places the Master above and beyond

the realms of common humanity. Read the opinions of controlling minds among the sceptical philosophers of Europe, — some, their open words, and others between the lines, — and you will find that even there Christ is recognized as distinct and above the common world.

As man is but little lower than the angels, is it visionary to place Christ at the throne of God? If men were the children of God, and, by the confession of the wisest, they could not find the true God, then why should not the Father, after leaving them to learn — by their fruitless efforts to find him out — of their dependence on revelation, send a special messenger, who should be their elder brother, to reveal him unto them? Philosophers of the present day, who think they can find God by logic, which is as far below faith as the mental is below the spiritual, and who place Socrates and Plato on a level with Christ, forget that those great minds, which could absorb their own by their capacity, sought the one true God in vain.

How significant! Through the continued periods of Greek philosophy, the search for God, beginning with deifying of the simple elements, ended in the conviction, that faith, without which they could not move a step in their logic, was the long-sought-for God; and when they learned that this was simply the highest attribute of man, through which alone could be revealed the ETERNAL ONE, they were in despair, for they could look no further.

Then it was that the Messenger was sent to reveal Him whom the wisest might apprehend but could not discover. To be sure, such as Socrates may have advanced beyond his contemporaries in his conception, but the evidence he could offer had nothing of authority; there was nothing convincing to others, — no revelation. So Paul finds at Athens an inscription TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

The Romans were in a similar condition In jurisprudence and by arms they were masters in the world. They were a wise as well as a powerful people; but neither

could they find out God. The shadow of idolatry fell upon that nation as well as on the Greeks.

The Jews had received word from Jehovah, through the prophets, but there was still no messenger direct from the Father to make him known to Jew and Gentile, — to the world. They looked forward to the coming of the Messiah, however, and were expecting his appearance at the time the Greeks and Romans were searching with their mental telescopes for the unknown God. Here were three roads leading to a point in the world's sacred history, and at their junction appeared the Messiah of the Jews, and the Revelator for the Greeks and Romans.

The Jews, in the self-righteous assurance that they were the chosen people of God, assumed to themselves the right of deciding on their Messiah; and as they had associated him with their temporal glory, conceiving him as one to raise them above rival nations, they would not accept the Sent of God, so they lost their Messiah,

and were the scoffed of nations. But the Greeks and Romans having sought God in humility of spirit, with no thought of earthly glory through him, received the Word with gladness; and it was in those fields that the apostles reaped their richest harvest for the kingdom of Christ.

That the time had arrived for the fulfilment of God's purpose and promise to send the Messiah, his beloved Son, to discover him to his children is apparent. The narrow-minded Jews had no thought of his revealing himself as the Father of the Gentiles, but we can see objectively the plan as it was.

At this point I note an unpublished argument of a member of my family (a brother with whom I interchange many thoughts), which, with his permission, I present in brief to the reader: —

A witness cannot be impeached by those who call him, much less a qualified witness. In showing him to be superlatively wise and truthful, Theodore Parker qualified Jesus as a witness unto himself. In the face of

death, knowing that his answer would crucify him, he replies to Caiphas's question, "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" "I AM."

This is the pivotal answer of Christendom, ay, of the world. Having called and qualified his witness, Parker must accept his evidence; so must Goethe, Emerson, Mill, and all who have qualified Jesus by affirmation of his wisdom and unimpeachable veracity. A man of lofty wisdom is not a visionary, and one of unqualified integrity is not a falsifier. The learned sceptics accordingly find that Jesus is *Christ, the Son of God.*

Regarding the authenticity of the record, we have the contradictions of the French and German sceptical writers, and the consistent statements of Christian thinkers. The profoundest of the former acknowledge the record in substance, but seek to fritter it away as the work of visionaries, led by the prince of visionaries. If visionaries, with naught but simple words, can swing the world as these have done, then is the term synonymous with maximum wisdom and power.

Will the critics, whose exhaustive learning has made them so visionary, please answer this: Why did the disciples believe that Jesus was to be the monarch of a temporal kingdom? They were not learned, but they were strong men, especially the apostles. Their epistles are surcharged with common-sense. The wisdom of their words is an example to all scholars. They who wrote these epistles were open-eyed, level men. Pure water flows not from dry ground, nor do we gather figs from thistles. Were they inspired? This granted, we need argue no further. If the source of their sayings was native sense, clear-seeing mind, then how came they to see in the carpenter's son a great ruler, captain, conqueror; one who was to free them from the all-powerful Romans, and reign over a people of obstinate purpose and towering ambition?

It is obvious that there must have been a demonstration of unusual power. Consider the character that Theodore Parker himself gives Christ, — nothing of the false

prophet, appealing to the temporal ambition and earthly passions of his followers, but a man of heavenly purity, wisdom, and truth, who urged humility on them, and the purity of saints. When the beloved Master was taken by his enemies they (John excepted) fled in dismay, the chief of them persistently denying him. They shortly reappear as heroes and martyrs.

So here are two questions to be answered: What in Christ, the humble and lowly carpenter's son, inspired the strong-minded authors of those epistles, and their equally strong associates, to see in Christ the great king and deliverer? And what, after the entombment, brought them forth from the obscurity of their flight to greater heroism than they could have shown as soldiers under a king?

It is evident that in the first instance they were impressed by a power that was divine, — the power that Christ inherited, not from his Jewish ancestors, strong as they were, but from God himself. In other words, they were impressed by him as the

Son of God. In the second, the apostles were inspired by some revelation so potent as to transform them from cowards into heroes. If Peter alone had gone out to his martyrdom, we might attribute it to remorse at his denial of the Master, though this would not harmonize with the vigorous and "level-headed" work which he did for Christ; but here were they all, simultaneously transformed, going forth to the work! With the close of his earthly career, they fled in dismay; with his heavenly triumph, they rose invincible. *It was the resurrection!*

CHAPTER XIV.

DO I propose to wrestle with the miracles?

I propose to notice them, but it does not require much wrestling to satisfy one's self regarding the miracles; the wrestling is with those who deny them.

What is the difficulty about the miracles, friend? Suppose you could and should create a world of beings after your own image, with minds to reason as they bow to the ground, and souls for inspiration as they commune with you. You desire that they shall learn the need of a father's help, by walking alone for a time. At last you would make yourself known; how would you do it? A mere revelation of light would not suffice; neither would a voice of thunder. Would you not send a messenger who should be like your children,

so that he could reach their hearts and understandings? He, knowing and representing you, would be able to reveal as a certainty what was simply with them an apprehension. You know that these doubting children will look for some sign of authority from this messenger. What shall it be? What more practical, more *natural*, than the performance of acts that will show his messiahship, and which shall be of a beneficent character?

You, who create the conditions which your children term laws, empower this special son to so quicken and intensify or combine the forces of creation and growth as to produce to the eyes and understanding of these children results that are to them supernatural. They are not *un*natural, because, in your vast resources, these special combinations or quickenings are the simplest of natural acts; and it is more natural for you to perform them through your agent or representatives under the circumstances, than to leave them undone.

It is natural that you create these children

in your image, to care for them, and provide for their final development into a lasting and a higher life; it is natural that you place them amid environments to call out their highest purpose and develop their virtue; it is natural that you permit a negative quality, which they call *evil*, that their virtue may find action and develop to the end,—action excluding all inaction, good excluding evil, death ending in life. Would it not be unnatural to suppose that you would not wish to give your children help, after they had vainly striven to find you out; and would it not be natural for you to send your messenger with the power of establishing his authority by the (to them) supernatural acts I speak of? God did this; and, though supernatural to men, it is simply natural to him.

I grant that to create them in this state of ignorance, to dwell in darkness till you should send them light, and then damn them to endless perdition for possessing what you created them with, and for remaining in ignorance as you yourself planned,

would be UNNATURAL. (Hush! *I* do not say this of God.)

I dwell on this mooted word *natural*, because the sceptics are forever thrusting it forward as a sword and shield combined. They propose to slash the miracles with it, and prevent the arrows of truth from reaching them by holding it as a shield. "*The laws of nature*," is their war-cry, and yet, they know not one.

Now, let us come straight to the miracles. If one does not believe in God, in the necessity of a revelation, which the wisest of the ancients longed for, or in the miracles as an historical fact, then he can step aside (we have no room here for elaborate arguments) while we address the party who denies the possibility of the miracles on the ground of their violating the laws of nature. What do you know about nature, friend? Can you tell us of one of the laws that govern creation and growth? Can you point out the law that governs your own thought? How do you think? How do you live? Have you counted the stars, or have you

been among them? Of the infinite mysteries of creation, what one can you explain? If, to neutralize the force of special miracles, you say that the whole of creation is a general miracle, what reason have you for denying the possibility of a specific miracle for a special purpose to emphasize the highest object of the general miracle? Acknowledge that by reason alone you can learn nothing, but by faith, everything.

Not long ago I heard an ambitious man painfully laboring to prove the miracles a myth, and among his exhaustive efforts was one by which he endeavored to show that in twenty-five years the evangelists might forget all about the circumstances surrounding the "so-called" miracles! He quoted an eminent German philosopher in support of his theory; and he further quoted from the German critic the singularly presumptuous assertion that we all forgot important events a quarter of a century after their occurrence! We must leave these philosophers with themselves, inasmuch as metaphysical philosophers depend

largely on their subjective experiences for their conclusions. If their memory serves them only twenty-five years or less, that must be taken as a limit of their philosophic capacity. Ask the octogenarian if he forgets the important events of his childhood or youth, his first toy, book, school-day, love, and hundreds of salient incidents of over a half-century gone by. Ask the soldier of the Civil War if he cannot remember the first order to battle, the very sound of the bullets, the sensation at the sight of the wounded and dead, the thunder of the cannon and cry of victory. Ask the preacher if he can remember the minutest details of his first effort in the pulpit fifty years ago, and the mother the first effort of her son as he stood in his young manhood before her. Ask the Christian if he recalls the incidents of his conversion, twenty-five, forty, or sixty years ago.

Shall I cover pages with this topic? No; I will merely say that no event of our life, out of the hundreds that we recall, can impress itself so vividly on the memory as

those miracles of Christ must have impressed themselves on the minds of the devoted and wondering disciples. For centuries, could they have lived so long, those miracles would have been to them as mosaic pictures, vivid as when first produced.

CHAPTER XV.

REGARDING evolution as connected with nature, I might be permitted to say that it is the most *natural* theory we can conceive, granted that all is evolved through the purpose of the Creator. Evolution independent of God is a misnomer. Without him there could be no direction, on which evolution absolutely depends. Evolution means order, and order means plan. "Survival of the fittest" is one way of expressing it, but it is suggestive of no vital increase; it is not adequate to the process of creation, which presumes the energy of increase, instead of the inertia of a survival. *The next in order* would give some notion of process. Development by succession might also express it. I will dictate nothing, however, but say that evolution without development is not conceiv-

able, and development presumes the method of creative mind. In talking with a sceptic on the subject of God and creation, he replied to a remark of mine with the statement that he could not believe in any Creator. I asked the usual question regarding the source of life about us, and closed with this interrogatory: —

"Who made these trees, these flowers, with their individual species? and who created those cows" (we were walking in the country) "as cows, those horses as horses, etc.?"

"Oh, they began of themselves, from an atom or something, and came up by evolution."

"Granted that they began of themselves," I replied, "and evolved themselves into different animals, who stayed the process at just the right time? Who stopped the evolution of the cow just as the organs were formed for the mastication of grass and its conversion into milk? And who stopped the lion, that branched out, as you say, from the same self-created and

fruitful atom, with his teeth for tearing, jaws for crunching, and paws for striking down and seizing his prey, claws instead of hoofs, the tremendous power, and thirst for blood? Who stayed the dove and the eagle, with their distinctive and appropriate organs? Who withheld man, when he had been given a voice and a soul? There has been no change or further natural development for thousands of years. The lion now is the lion of the deluge; so are all the animals, including the physical man. Again I ask, developing of themselves, as you say, by the survival of the fittest, when did they stop exactly as they are? and who stayed the process?"

He was silent.

"Bear in mind," I continued, "that machinery, left with its various parts arranged in perfect condition for work, gives evidence of projecting mind at the beginning, and controlling mind in the completion. So with works of art, literature, every production of man. Granted that all these productions in arts and mechanics start of themselves,

who stays their development precisely at that stage of progression when they are in the exact condition for their specific work? Why do they not go on developing indefinitely, and why do not animals go on evolving? When did they cease, and how did they cease? What stayed the process?"

He was silent.

It was Sunday evening, and we were going to hear a radical preach on the vitality of the church. I was to hear him for the first time. I do not think I am a bigot, but this was the first radical I had listened to on the Sabbath. Now, who do you suppose were there to hear this radical? Why, a Baptist minister and deacon, two Orthodox deacons, and any number of Orthodox, Baptist, and Methodist church-members. And what kind of discourse did they hear? A healthful and encouraging one. The speaker paid a high tribute to the old churches for the work they had done in the cause of religion and the advancement of humanity. He was no pessimist; he took an optimistic view of the

future, claiming that, far from the church being in a state of decline, it was stronger than ever, and would continue to grow stronger till all were taken in. He gently suggested that in this process the dogmas which had retarded the growth of the church would be dropped. It was a devout and earnest sermon, and all acknowledged that they had received good from it.

During the discourse the preacher said that he who did not believe in God was only half a man. This came very close to the friend at my side, though he was too much of a man to resent it. On our way home he was wrapped in thought. What was he thinking of? There was a revelation to him (and to me) in that church. The iconoclast of the pulpit proved a builder, and the bigots of the town liberal-minded men. This must have impressed him. It surely impressed the writer. The fact is, the extreme wings of the church are approaching each other. The right wing is coming to see the necessity of a Christ that will fulfil his promises and the promises of God; the left wing is com-

ing to see that we must have a Christ with authority. In the providence of God, time brings about all things good.

Now that we have been to church, we can indulge in a further reflection on evolution. The notion that man is descended from the monkey is so funny that we must refrain from dwelling on it for fear of shaking our pen with laughter. It is very funny! Pray tell me, friend, whence come the various phases of physiognomy in man, which are organic, — the lion in Lyman Beecher, the eagle in Napoleon, the bear in Daniel Webster, the fox in Van Buren, and so on, without end? Very few men look as much like monkeys as they do like other animals, and also birds. When did man cast off the ape and put on the garb of the others? I say it with all respect for the able, good, and honest Darwin, and one or two of the living disciples of materialistic evolution; but, if you will observe, you will see in their faces, especially in that of the first, a tendency to the physiognomical characteristics of the

ape. Darwin acknowledged that his investigations shut out his faith and darkened his mind to a clear view of the Creator. He saw that, while he was not aiming for materialism, his powerful mind had led others to where they fell into the slough. The truth is, the physiognomy of the great investigator shows, more than his words, an ingenious, persistently investigating man, with faith in what was before his eyes, with his eyes to the ground, where secondary causes lie, instead of the sky, where he could have settled on the First Cause. The very animal he resembled has that same ingenious, investigative disposition, which amuses us, to be sure, but which, at the present crisis of scientific and philosophic thought, has something more serious for our consideration. Animals look downward, men look upward; animals have reason without faith (I speak of faith in the higher sense), man has reason with faith. When the latter cultivates his reason to the exclusion of faith, his eyes are bent to the earth, or fixed on the stars as material

objects of investigation; when he combines faith with reason, he sees the earth and the stars in their higher relation, and mounts from the animal to the angel. Darwin had an earnest purpose in his researches, and therefore they will result in good. This is seen already in the very discussions that have sprung from his labors, which will go on till man reaches the full conviction that no work can be expected without design, and no design is possible without a designer.

Regarding the Mosaic account of creation, all reasonable men see that Moses did not not mean by his "day" twenty-four hours, but *period.* There is nothing in his account that clashes with the investigations of the day. Narrow dogmatists may not see it in this light, but they see purblindly. The apparent inconsistency of the account by which Cain is made to go into the land of Nod, taking to himself a wife in a land already peopled, is evidence of its ingenuousness. No mere story-teller would leave so wide a gap in his fiction.

Evolution is a bugbear only to those who have made a bugbear of the Bible. Regarding the theory of man's evolution from the monkey, or any other animal, we will consider that man himself does not make a piano out of a teakettle, nor an engine out of a corkscrew. One may develop a medium-sized teakettle into as large, ornate, and musical a teakettle as he pleases, but it will remain a teakettle; so he may develop a corkscrew or gimlet into a tremendous bore, — as some of these theorists do, — and it will remain a gimlet or corkscrew. That God made the seed for every vegetable and animal growth is apparent, though each seed may have been improved. You may improve a horse by a horse, but produce the mule by the combination of two distinct germs, and how much farther can you go? Combine the lion and the tiger, the hyena and the leopard, the ape and the fox, and seek to continue the process, and how far do you think you can carry it? You may *graft* the apple on the pear, or *vice versa*, but you can in no way

graft one seed into another. By no known method can an oak be made to sprout from a birch, or a rose-bush from a thistle. One may cultivate a scrub into an improved oak, or he may evolve a beautiful garden plant from a wild rose; but if he could by some ingenious method mix the seed of a rose and a thistle, or an oak and a pine, I rather doubt his carrying his experiments very far. The word *chimerical* expresses the whole matter, including the endeavor of theorists to make man out of an ape. The notion is monstrous, and the result would be a monstrosity!

No, be not alarmed. If the higher theory of evolution be true, then we can see how all will go on developing till the millennium is reached, and how the *I am* will go on developing in a higher life.

Regarding the immortality of animals, I will suggest that, when one can see them uplifting their eyes in prayer, and can hear them conversing on their immortal spirits, their longing for and faith in a future life, then it goes without saying that they will

be immortal; but until such evidence is given, we must remain at least in doubt.

As to immortality, what greater evidence of it do we have than the long and bitter discussions on the question of man's condition hereafter? People discuss with the greatest earnestness the relative conditions of men in the next world, neither intimating nor entertaining a doubt as to the reality of their future existence; but when their friends vanish from their sight, then, in the very longing for an assurance of their loved one's future existence, they fall into doubt.

Mourning worn by Christians is but an expression of infidelity, though this is far from the intention of the bereaved mourners. Full, unqualified faith in Christ's promises and his resurrection is not expressed by this garb of shadowing unbelief. The Romans emblemized the birth into this world by black, and the departure from it by white. We need not make any distinctions, for this is a beautiful world to live and work for God in; and no Christian should doubt

that the higher world is far more beautiful. Be cheerful, Christians! Darken not your homes and the house of God with this gloomy custom, nor cast the shadow of despair over the hearts of the home circle. Be cheerful! Have faith in God! Believe in Christ! Your friends are happier, and you by faith can be made holier. Wear a cheerful garb, and you will be an outward example (which reflects the inward) to the doubting, the unbelieving. The gloomy dogmas of the past are being cast off; cast with them this funereal emblem of despair. Vanity may be a motive in some cases, but when I consider the sorrow of bereavement, I cannot dwell on so heartless a phase of the subject. Let us have light instead of shadow, hope instead of despair, faith in place of doubt, life instead of death.

In considering the fact that no earthly want is left unsatisfied, that food for the mind as well as the body is supplied by nature, have the peculiar want and supply of music occurred to you? What a special provision of the Creator we see!

In the air about us harmony is silently held, to be evoked by the genius of man. By his invention musical instruments are provided to draw it forth; but how shall voices be provided for the production of this harmony in four parts? We have it: Here we find in the construction of the vocal cords what meets the mystery of harmony that lingers in the air. Soprano is needed: we discover a soprano voice; alto is needed: we discover an alto voice; tenor is needed: we discover a tenor voice; one more we must have, the bass: the maker of the vocal instrument provides a vocal bass.

Here we are, then, discovering harmony in the air and voices provided for it. It is one of the most beautiful provisions of nature. By the way, will the materialistic students of evolution please tell us how this harmony, with its exact laws, came to stay its evolution in an invisible state just where man could utilize it, and by what process the human voice was adapted to the laws of harmony, after ages of self-evolution, from the chattering of an ape?

In closing these reflections on immortality, we cannot consider too minutely the indications of a life hereafter, which all men have longed for, including this momentous truth, that God has given us no want or desire in this life without the means of satisfying it, the special revelation through Christ's resurrection confirming our consciousness as immortal beings.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE soul is the man. As Paul says, it will put on incorruption and immortality. It reigns in this life, and is the spring of all great movements. The world progresses through its action. Through the soul is God working out his plans. Here is the fountain of religion; and by this element are men being brought together in works of charity. Denominations of Christians throughout the world are forming associations for beneficent undertakings, in the spirit of the Master; dogmas are giving way to practical work; icy creeds are melting away before the warmth of Christian love, and the unchurched are learning who and what Jesus really was.

The best words of the social reformers were anticipated nearly two thousand years ago. John the Baptist enjoined not only a division with the poor, but he admonished

the laborers (soldiers) to be content with their wages. He also admonishes them to speak ill of no man. How much of the modern air there is in his words to the tax-gatherers. John covered all that can be said on the subject of charity, both in giving and in speech. We observe that he did not advise the sharing in business, but the sharing of the results of business. Not all men can work together in business and trade, but one can help another, and all can join in the work of charities. Small communities may thrive on the social basis, but large communities must have more individuality, combining in movements for the amelioration of the unfortunate. Let all men be practical Christians, and the question of nationalism or socialism will solve itself.

Jesus indorses John, as we see in his words to Zaccheus. The same instructions are given regarding charities and restitution. It is amusing to hear the unchurched socialists of the day decrying Christianity, with the notion that they have something entirely new. How did the disciples live

while with their Master, and after his departure? They were communists in the true sense of the word.

But have not the extremists some reason for their accusations? Are not extravagant churches, with their meaningless and cumbrous ornaments, their "glittering generalities," structures that signal the unholy rivalries of Christian bodies, rather than the holy sentiment of worship? Are not these structures, that deprive the poor of the charities Christ has apportioned to them, a stigma on the so-called Christian communities that take the name of Christ upon themselves, without his spirit? Do not the radicals of the day point with reason the accusing finger? Throughout Christendom are societies claiming the title of "Christian" that are governed by the heartless goddess of fashion. Is it not time that they awake to a sense of their duty? They give in charity, but how much? A mere pittance from their unlimited means. As organized churches, they have accumulated wealth for years; have accumulated and accumulated,

have piled up and hoarded, while the poor about them were crying for bread, while the poor about them were starving into sin, while the poor about them were calling unto God, appealing to Christ, who commands all who take up the cross to give half their goods to the poor. If the individual is to do this, then how much more the church that is founded in the Master's name!

After hoarding this wealth, in disobedience of Christ, doing *not* unto their neighbors as they would have them do to them, they lavish it on structures of such extravagance, such corrupting display, that the very stones cry out for shame. In the service of Christ, do we say? Is it not in the service of the shadowy one, that tempted Christ? Rivalry in display, ambition for ascendency,—these and kindred motives and passions are more often at the basis of our extravagance than the promptings of worship. How terrible are the scenes of woe in the backgrounds of these gaudy pictures! How horrible the cries that mingle with the organ's pealing notes! Money, money every-

where, buried in wasteful piles, and the poor buried in the oblivion of neglect, their haggard faces peering at these monuments of disobedience, their wasted hands clasped in despair, and their tearless eyes turned to heaven in mute petition!

What can we say to the radical, the socialist, the communist? If we point to Christ as their example, they turn our admonitions back upon us in derision. Our obliviousness to the injunctions of Jesus and his "forerunner" is making more sceptics, is turning more hearts against the Master, whom we thus ignore, than we can recover during our limited lives. They know, too, that poverty finds no place of rest in the midst of this magnificence, no Christ to lean upon. These sanctuaries of God they dare not enter, and if they did they would see no Saviour, but they would be lost in the oppressive gloom of splendor within, so consistent with the gorgeousness without, and depart unnoticed, unredeemed.

In passing from this *un*flattering (I should like to say exceptional) view of "fashionable

Christianity" I put a simple query: How many musical committees of certain churches would permit their children to associate with certain singers that they employ to sing (and *worship*) for them? Do you know their moral standing, or are you wilfully blind to it? Are you consistent in having that portion of the declaration which sends the wicked into everlasting punishment, etc., read to the pure young convert, who is compelled, through your agency, to listen to songs of praise from the very wicked that you so summarily doom to never-ending woe? You need not commit yourselves, but atone for the past, and correct the evil for the future. Suppress that insidious passion of rivalry with sister churches, and purify this part of the service.

But enough of the shadow: let us return to the light, which everywhere abounds. In justice to individual members of these churches, be it said, that many of them complain of this growing extravagance; and though they give largely to the poor, and stand ready to contribute what is necessary

for the furtherance of the Christain cause, they protest against the reckless waste of money in mere display. One of these Christians, who is an example for all scoffers, who is a shining gem amid the pretentious imitations about him, protested against the unreasonable outlay of the building committee in the erection of a new church without avail. They involved the society in a debt of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. He was called on repeatedly to contribute toward extinguishing this debt, and generously responded. At last, when several thousand still stood against them, he gave a check for the amount without complaint. He was asked why he did not protest, and severely rebuke the committee. "That is n't my way," he said; and he went on giving to the poor, to the soldiers, and to many worthy causes, as if he had had his own way in all things. It is n't in his way to scold; but his is the way of the Master: his left hand knoweth not what his right hand giveth. This is not an isolated case, as we all know.

As a rule, the clergy do not approve the meretricious course of committees; but they must practise the virtue of patience: it takes time to melt an iceberg. In all soberness, I ask: If the future salvation of the outcast depends on accepting Christ as these recreant churches present him, where does the responsibility of his non-acceptance lie?

I point not at individuals in my reflections. This forgetfulness of Christ, this craze of wealth and ambition, is in the air. It is an epidemic that has taken communities as *La Grippe* has seized on the world. Let us be on the watch, however, for the antichrists are seeking to mine our citadels, and if we are weakened and put off our guard by the unchristian courses I have alluded to, we shall be weak in defence. The unchurched have keen eyes, and we owe it to our Captain to be ever on our guard. The best of them are honest, simple men, who are making genuine efforts for reform. We must give them no ground for the accusation that we harbor, without blushing, the social evils they

themselves would eradicate. Let us keep our skirts clean, and "shame the devil." The "fashionable" churches proclaim themselves the defenders of the Word, while if the Master were here, they would be subject to condemnation. Let us beware that the terrible anathemas addressed to the Pharisees are not turned upon us!

While these churches of the fashion are forgetful of their duties, others are doing a work worthy of their title. Earnest in the work of lifting and redeeming the fallen, they keep the watch-fires burning and sleep not at their posts. The associations that have been called into existence for work in the vineyard are neither forgetful of their duties nor slack in the performance of them. Young Men's Christian Associations and Unions are making themselves felt for good; they are showing the possibilities of Christianity for actual work. To the credit of the churches at large, be it said, their best elements are being drawn upon for the formation of these societies. Broad and liberal in their conduct, they recognize all

denominations, and presage the millennium that is yet to come, when the word of God, as a record and promise of his boundless love, shall be received alike by all. Let the work go on, and the churches themselves shall profit by the example of these their faithful offspring!

A touching incident occurred in my experience a few years ago which I will relate as a fitting close to this chapter: —

By special invitation I attended a lecture of a liberal preacher on the subject of labor. It was in a rustic chapel among the mountains. The speaker treated the subject in an interesting manner, and during the lecture he touched in pathetic language on the condition of the poor. His reference was in the true Christian spirit, and was calculated to awaken an abiding sympathy for this unfortunate class, who need our constant attention.

The lecture ended, and the closing hymn was about being sung, when the audience were surprised by a quaint figure that moved up the aisle with halting step. It was

an old man, of more than threescore and ten, with blue overalls for trousers, so tattered that portions of his naked legs were visible beneath. His thin and meagre shirt was in a similar condition, exposing his breast and back. His tattered trousers were held by a single suspender, as old as the rest. He was tall and bent, and his face was wan and unshorn. All eyes were turned from the hymn-books to this strange old man, who solemnly made his way up the aisle, and stood trembling in front of the speaker's stand, which was on the main floor. The preacher sat in silence, awaiting the final act in this strange scene. The old man thrust his gaunt and quivering hand into his right trousers-pocket, and at last brought forth a copper, so old and black that it seemed as if it must have been there for years, which he laid on the stand. At first the audience manifested amusement, but the presiding officer impressively said, —

"This poor man is grateful for the kind words that have been spoken, and he has come to offer his mite at the altar."

A *hush* went over the audience, and one could now hear the drop of a pin. The old man again buried his trembling hand in his pocket, and drew out a second copper as old as the first. This he laid beside the other, and producing a third, he placed it on the "altar" in the same measured way, then, turning slowly around, he walked down the aisle and disappeared, never having raised his downcast eyes, nor uttered a word.

The audience were deeply touched, and that hymn was sung with unction. The presiding officer gathered the tribute money, and handed it to the gratified lecturer, with the remark, that those three coppers would be more precious to him than any tribute he had ever received. The other assented to this, and declared he would never part with them.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT a certain unity meeting, where mutual expressions of esteem were expressed, a Unitarian, who followed the Orthodox clergyman, paid a high tribute to the Catholic Church for its agency in the development of religious art, but more especially for the enthroning of woman, through its conception of the Madonna. Surely, the mother of Jesus is enthroned in the heart of Christendom. We can well understand that God intrusted his Son to the nurturing care of one who represented woman in her purity and devotion. She is the representative of all true mothers, whose interest is identical with the integrity of humanity. Woman does not control the ballot-box, but mothers control the country. Of those frivolous characters, so unworthy their sex, who regard the blessing of children as inflictions, and give their training into the

hands of aliens, I can only say, Heaven grant to their Christian sisters the power to open their eyes and purify their hearts! But can we pay too high a tribute to those who devote themselves to the little ones, whom Jesus blesses as his own?

It is woman who suffers from the horrors of war, and it is she whose life is blighted by intemperance. In her are the legitimate forces of reform. It is her province to labor for the protection of the home. Pre-eminent in faith, following the Master as the Marys did of old, she hears the pleadings of the needy and the suffering, and with a clear sight and steady purpose she engages in his service.

I have given my experience with the prisoners, — the revelation of their sleepless souls. The following scene will reveal the hearts of women who are rescued from the slums of vice. Several years ago I addressed the inmates of the House of Refuge, and after the lecture I sang to entertain them and touch their hearts. The first song was of the old home, and loved ones of long

ago. The second was that simple song, "Chide mildly the Erring." Before I had reached the second verse of each song, the sobbing was touching to hear, and, as I sang to the end, I could with difficulty sustain my voice, so heart-rending was the sorrow of these unfortunate ones.

Those tears were as the falling dew, with a benediction from heaven.

"Chide mildly the erring, kind language endears;
Grief follows the sinful, add not to their tears.
Avoid, with reproaches, fresh pain to bestow;
The heart that is stricken needs never a blow!

"Chide mildly the erring, jeer not at their fall;
If strength were but human, how weak were we all!
What marvel that footsteps should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow life's wearisome way!

"Chide mildly the erring, entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal, they need not despair.
We all have some frailty, we all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us must come from the skies."

It was a simple-hearted old Christian who first sang this touching song to me; and, with his accompaniment on a seraphine, the effect was beautiful. He sang it by the bedside of an invalid wife, who had not

risen from her bed for years. Those dark eyes ever beamed from the pallid and transparent face, while her loving husband, so pure and devoted, soothed her wearied spirit with his song. That was years ago. He has passed away, but she still lives, living in faith, an angel held to the earth, ready to ascend at the Lord's bidding.

I have visited others who have for years been unable to rise, and the lessons of resignation these saintly women have taught me have been more than aught else, except the Word itself. On one occasion I had lectured to the consumptives at the Home, and after the lecture I was ushered into the room of one who had lain on her couch for a generation. The serenity, the trust, the resignation in that countenance! That look of patient suffering I shall never forget. The interpretation of it all was on the counterpane, — the Bible! Here was the source, here was the comfort. It rested on her breast, while her white hand rested lovingly on the open pages, and when I pointed to it, and said that I saw it all, a

responsive beam illumined her countenance (she could not speak) that seemed like the reflection of heaven.

The celestial beam of those deep eyes was like the light in the eyes of our own baby girl when the heavenly messengers came, as the vesper bells were ringing on Sunday eve. How solemnly beautiful, how sweetly sacred that look! I was awed by its heavenly meaning, and, instead of a shadowy death, it was a life so celestial that nothing on earth is so beautiful as the memory of that baby face illumined by the reflected light of angels.

I visited another invalid; and this was but a short time ago. That same indescribable look of the transparent eyes! Her mother and her father have left her for the higher home. The latter but recently passed away. He was constantly at her bedside, to entertain and comfort. She and two devoted sisters are left together; the eldest, beautiful, and sought by many, has never married. She has given her heart's love to that helpless sister (helpless

in body, but not in mind), and, with Naomi's devotion, has lived for her, with no thought of sacrifice, but happy in her office of comforter.

Such is woman. Her faith is abiding, and her devotion to God, to Christ, to humanity is so steadfast that she will go through fire, like Joan of Arc, for their sakes. She is not a bigot, a theorist, a dogmatist; and she could never have invented instruments of torture for religious persecution, though she could endure them for her faith; but she is single of purpose, heroic, and enduring to the end.

The field of work for woman is widening, and she is filling her appointed place with honor. First the home, which is the vital element of church and state, and all public work emanating from this will be charged with the true spirit. History demonstrates the capacity of woman to be sufficient for any legitimate situation in which she may place herself, and the present hour is a witness of her unquestioned ability to perform the service required of her. She has

a mission to fulfil, and with her faith, her insight and promptitude, her work will be accomplished.

Not the least important sphere for woman is to intensify and broaden the religious spirit of the age. Her name is not synonymous with creeds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the universal movement of the laboring classes to occupy their legitimate position, and the demand for its recognition, the agitators are building better than they know. Under the guidance of judicious men, they will not seek to drag wealth down, but to advance on an upward plane, to take their position on the higher level of humanity. The producer and consumer are to go side by side, each realizing that manhood lies in performing one's legitimate duties.

The results of these general movements are visible in the enlightenment of the wealthy classes. Their own foibles are becoming more apparent to them, and with awakening consciousness suggestions present themselves for their correction. Churches, too, are reminded of their duties; and their dogmas, that have so sharply discriminated between men, are yielding to

broader views of humanity; for the more mankind as one common brotherhood is discussed, the higher is man placed in the scale of being.

The laborer may well be satisfied with his heredity, for the apostles were laboring men; and He of whom Christendom was born was a carpenter's son, himself a workman. The magnificent cathedrals of the day, with their imposing forms of worship, are possible only through the existence nineteen hundred years ago of workmen who earned their living by the sweat of their brow.

Workmen should indulge in no belittling talk of their claims. No man of character will say, "I am as good as he is," but he will assume his equality with dignity, leaving his actions to signify his rank.

The dignity of a contented workingman is far greater than that of the heir to wealth, who has acquired nothing by his brains or character, and who is devoting neither time nor thought to a beneficent use of his means. These drones fall into the lowest rank

Working girls of self-respect quite overshadow their aimless sisters, who have nothing to do but read sensational novels, and lavish money on display; and yet the thoughtless creatures of the latter class are so affected by the superficial views of society, that they regard the humble worker as a lower order of being.

In their struggle for position, the laborers will lose nothing by cultivating a broad spirit of charity toward those whom they, through mistaken views of life, may envy, refraining from bitter reflections, and giving all their attention to the legitimate object of establishing a normal condition of humanity in its reciprocal relations.

As with creeds, so with monarchies, — everything that holds man by fear or compulsion will have to go. If a large majority in any country should vote to retain their king, then he would not govern by compulsion, and would no longer be a king in the common acceptation of the term, but a head, or administrator; a president, in fact.

I said that the laborers are, by their gen-

eral movement, building better than they know. I take it for granted that the wise counsellors comprehend somewhat the important and ultimate results. The present unhealthy influences on legislation, through the glamour of society and the schemes of speculators, will be largely corrected by an influx of the sober spirit of labor.

Churches are taking up the matter systematically. It is well. It is for them to set a worthy example to ambitious laborers, by avoiding that meretricious display which results in blighting debt. In view of the many defalcations resulting from debts contracted by individuals through this hankering for display, a consideration of the matter by the churches will bring to mind the admonition of the Master, to be exemplars of good instead of evil.

Let me again remind the hosts of writers on socialism that they have been anticipated by John the Baptist. John was a wise arbitrator. The men of means were to divide with the poor, and those who worked for wages — presuming they had as men

agreed to them — were to be content. If John had in mind any tendency of the soldiers to plunder, or to other unlawful means of adding to the sum of their wages, then this advice to them will apply to the unscrupulous laborers, who aim to deprive others of rights while they clamor for their own. In short, if the laborer would do the wise and just thing, he will find all he wants for instruction and example in the New Testament.

The following incident will give some idea of the one-sidedness of a class of labor reformers, who want everything, but give nothing: I had delivered an address on the dignity of labor in a neighboring town, and was leaving the hall, when I was informed that a man in the anteroom desired to talk with me. I was told that he was an agitator, and usually engaged each lecturer in discussion; so I understood the look of amused expectancy in the faces of the bystanders. I was introduced to the stranger, who was in appearance a type of the radical labor reformer, such as let slip no oppor-

tunity of advancing their peculiar notions, and asserting their "rights." He was tall and grave,—very grave,—with long, grizzly beard, and stooping form,—an air of one who had searched for the philosopher's stone by the midnight lamp. He opened his guns on me at once. My lecture was very interesting, but I had missed the central point, etc., etc. Finally he said, "The difficulty is, you lecturers forget that there was such a thing as primitive Christianity"; and he continued to harangue me a few moments longer, as, I was afterwards told, he had harangued his victims before. I thought it time to spike his gun.

"Have you two coats?" I asked.

He looked dubious. "I don't understand the drift of your question," he gravely responded.

"I simply ask if you have two coats."

"Why, yes," he slowly muttered, "I have two."

"Have you given one to the poor?"

He flushed, and I saw a retiring look in his eye; but the gripe was on him, and the

answer was jerked out of his mouth rather than spoken, —

"No!"

"Then," I rejoined, "no argument is possible. If you have ignored the first tenet of primitive Christianity, we can go no further. When you have given one of those coats to the poor, you will be authority on the subject."

The conference closed, and I was never troubled by the "primitive Christian" again.

On the question of rights, let it be said that a man has a right to do what he pleases, by himself, if it *is right;* but when with others he has no right to encroach on their rights. State rights were wrong when they threatened the national (their neighbors') rights. As no one has an unrestricted will, so no one has an unqualified right. Anarchists would be the absolute monarchs of the world. Jesus considered the rights of all; he recognized the existing laws, but taught a higher law. Two wrongs cannot make a right, as anarchists have learned in this country.

The various societies of the day, "In His Name," "The King's Own," "Ten Times One are Ten," etc., are simply the result of a directed attention to the teachings of primitive Christianity. They are projected by men who come to Christ for instruction. The associations and unions spring from the same source. All these organizations tend to equalize the race; and it will be better for the workmen who listen to the diatribes of antichrists to go to the right source, and heed the admonitions of those who have their welfare at heart.

A far-seeing mind will have no apprehensions of the result of this general labor movement. Monarchies will be breadthened into republics, and republics will be elevated. One word will embrace all,—HUMANITY.

The Lord reigns: let the people rejoice!

CHAPTER XIX.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

IF a composite photograph could be made of the human race, after the present method of photographing ancestral lines, would the prevailing characteristic indicate God or Satan as the progenitor? As great bodies of singers in unison produce a fuller and richer tone than even a *primo*, so would a photograph of humanity present a fuller and richer character than the photograph of one person. The expression of individual foibles would be neutralized as the kingdom of God in man would become apparent. It is the grand movement toward a combination in action that advances the world.

Man has reason and speech of his own: so has the beast of his kind; man calculates the future movements of stars: the insect can prophesy the seasons; man has

faith in God, and longing for immortality: the beast has not. Show me a beast with faith in God, and I will show you an immortal.

If nature is self-created, then man, the self-created intelligence, should comprehend all things. Does he comprehend a single law that governs the mote or the light that reveals it to him? Can he tell you whence his own thought? The earth is whirling through space thousands of miles an hour. Does man know what set it in motion, and what law keeps it in position? He gives us terms; we want the *law*.

If evil is to have no end, then God, who created harmony, has sounded a dissonance that will never be resolved.

If every man could have God in his heart continually, all evil would end. Evil, then, is the result, not of a power coequal with God, but of tendencies in man to self-indulgence, which prevail in forgetfulness of God.

Who presents Christ as he is to sinners?

To do this one must imitate him. Who does this? If, then, a sinner is lost, who is responsible?

A revivalist well expressed it when he said, "Every sin is an interloper in the human soul; it does n't belong there; thus the continual struggle between sin and the human soul." This does not look like total depravity. When the soul is freed from corruption, then the interloper is cast out.

Shakers and Quakers may seem to be examples, with their peaceful, communistic lives, but the world must be perfected by aggression. Christ was aggressive, and so were the apostles.

God is infinitely great. He has infinite patience in the realization of his plans. As man is great, and more like God, so is he willing to wait for the consummation of his plans. Faith counts years but as days in the accomplishment of a purpose. The patient waiter is the efficient worker.

There are two kinds of egotism in prayer-meetings, — the one which takes up all the

time, and the one that takes none. One talks endlessly, because he forgets all but himself; the other says nothing, because he is thinking of himself and naught of others.

When you are in trouble, do not pray to God in mere words. He knows. Open your soul to him, and receive his spirit, which will fill your soul, and leave no room for gloom.

In sleep all souls repose alike in God; all men are alike. The beggar is as the king, and the king, the beggar; the fool is as the wise man, and the wise man, the fool; the general is in the ranks, and the private is in command; the criminal is on a bed of down, and the outcast is in a palace. God reigns over all. In the waking the battle of life is renewed; but they are the victors who still rest in God.

Repentance should never press you down; it should lift you up.

The enlightened conception of God has transformed death into life. It has changed the gloomy graveyard, with its death's-head

and cross-bones, into the serene abode of the dead; it has turned wailing into songs of praise.

He who follows God leads men.

Cheerfulness is the mother of health. It is a prime element of religion.

We talk of the efficacy of fear, the shadow of God's anger. Make the criminal to feel the sunlight of God's presence, its reality, and how long will he remain a criminal?

Of all men, the confirmed sceptic is the most credulous.

When either good fortune or misfortune attend you, never for a moment forget God.

Fear not to search yourself, nor shun conviction.

Thank God for the lessons of the past, provide for the future, and live in the present.

A thinker may become so "free" that he shall wander in circles, without a guide, without direction.

What an evidence of the inherent virtues of mankind, that great and good thoughts are transmitted and honored through gen-

erations, while vicious thoughts either die, or meet with universal condemnation.

Complain not of your troubles to others. God sees your tears; let men see your smiles.

In seeking to do good, beware of those impulses that lead to reaction.

Reserve is an agent of accumulation.

Be patient amid perplexities, that you may the sooner see the end. In great troubles, remember that God sees further than you do.

In the furnace, error becomes dross, while truth comes forth the purest gold.

Act according to your convictions. Be sure they are your own.

I have questioned many, and I have not found one who is governed in the affairs of life by the motive of future rewards and punishments. You may scare young converts with dogmatic guns, but they eventually ignore them either in lasting conversion, or in backsliding.

Addresses are not prayers. Long prayers are not found in the Bible. Did you

observe how Moody fingered his watch-chain while men were praying, and how he sprang in, the moment they closed? Either his action was sacrilegious, or his prayerful spirit was concerned for the wearied souls of the auditors; perhaps both. Long prayers reflect on the Teacher, who bids us to pray in brief.

The supper at the family table should be disturbed by no disquisitions; so with the supper at the table of the Lord. Let words be few. We would hear the Lord's voice.

In the City of the Dead is recorded the doctrine of boundless, unlimited hope. Simple and few are the words, but on no tablet is a doubt of the Father's mercy recorded.

Man with a purpose never wearies of life; he lives to work, he works to live.

Let all things in divine service be done with decorum. We are in the presence of the Lord. The organ refrain is the most beautiful prayer; move not till it is closed. Rise not to sing with the tardiness of com-

pulsory worship, nor sit down with the precipitation of annoyance. At the beginning of the last measure of the organ introduction the congregation should promptly rise; at the close of the last verse let the congregation sit with no unseemly haste, but with worshipful deliberation, and as one. Attending church is no excuse for irreverence.

One does not wear his hat in the house of man: why keep it on in the house of God?

The Sabbath is a day of rest. There is no rest like rest in the Lord. If one reveres his Maker, or comprehends his benefactions, the day of the Lord will be sacred to him. His own heart will inform him of the propriety or impropriety of his acts. As the fountain, so are the waters. The truly religious consider the feelings of the irreligious, but the latter are not so considerate of the former on this, his Father's day. In their bigotry they are willing to wound the feelings of those who would do them a service. Catholicism presents its irreligious side in disturbing its neighbors

on the Sabbath. This church may have a mission still to fulfil, but here is a special call for reform.

It may not be generally known that many persons of the most liberal views — professedlly so — are received into the Orthodox Church, waving a response to the disputed portions of the creed. On one of these occasions a representative of the old school lately remarked that he regretted to acknowledge the disintegration of old Orthodoxy, but such, he must confess, was the fact.

The secular press has been criticised for its agency in propagating liberal views in theology. If to enlarge our confidence in a merciful Father, and strengthen allegiance to the Master; if to aid in clearing the word of God from the miasma of man; if to bring all Christians together in the higher faith and in the broader work; if to sound the note for charities, to lift the down-fallen, to lighten the dark places of the earth, to feed the famishing, to crown the heroic dead

who have fallen in conflicts of war and the contests with fire, and drive from their sorrowing households the gaunt spectre of want, — if to do all this and countless other Christian deeds is evil, then has Christ surrendered his crown, and the Word is become a mockery! There is an ample amount of human nature in the press, and so it is not without its faults; but self-righteousness is not one of them, while charity toward all is one of its cardinal virtues.

I have just read William W. Story's "Conversations in a Studio." There are many bright expressions in the book, and on certain topics of the day he is happy in his discussions, but on subjects demanding comprehension and a knowledge of central truths he is deficient. This is apparent in his estimate of Raphael. His rating of this great painter is unworthy of even the most superficial observer. The author sums him up as "an accomplished and refined artist, but a superficial one."

Did Mr. Story ever see Raphael's religious works? Has he, for instance, passed a moment with his unrivalled cartoons? They are all powerful, but two of them will suffice for our consideration: "The Death of Ananias" and "Christ's Charge to Peter." In the latter we see a benignant and commanding Christ, a devout and obedient Peter, and a group of apostles with expressions of wonder, adoration, and envy, remarkable in their subtlety and power. In the former we behold Ananias prone upon the ground, casting upward a last, expiring gaze, as if he already beheld the One who has stricken him for his mendacity. Peter solemnly points to the dying man with his right hand, while he directs his left to heaven, and says, "*Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God!*" The expression of his countenance is awful in its internal power. How impressive the faces of surrounding apostles, who apprehend the source of this appalling scene! With the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, Raphael has represented two of the apostles

at the left of the picture giving alms to thepoor, and has rendered the subordinate figures with such consummate grace and expressive action as to relieve the central group, while increasing its power.

These two cartoons, being profoundly religious in their conception and treatment, — which element is also in the others, — are exceptionally strong, even for Raphael. If Mr. Story will select from the works of any contemporary or more recent master a production of such analytical power, such insight into the human soul, such majesty, such breadth and repose in composition and treatment, such easy command of the highest resources of art, if, in short, our literary sculptor will present to us a work of art by any other hand equal to these in the qualities that he denies to Raphael, he will place the æsthetic world under lasting obligation. I do not ignore Durer, Holbein, Van Eyck, nor the early Italians, who have left us strong examples of characterization, but they must yield to Raphael, who comprehended all shades of character for his art, as

Shakespeare comprehended the characters of his dramas. Neither am I forgetful of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," unrivalled in its combination of formal composition and intellectual force. But "The Death of Ananias" is a peerless example of artistic boldness and analytical strength, with a fearless departure from the accepted rules of proportion, with a composition that, like the great orator, betrays no dominant formalities of art. These cartoons will stand as examples of Raphael's command of the facial expression without resort to corrugation. The psychological student will find this to be the result of absolute knowledge and power. The cartoons also present to the world examples of grand accomplishment through religion. It would be instructive to detail the greatest productions of all the masters as resulting from the infusion of the sacred element; but as religious art is not the subject of this book, I must desist. Religion and sublimity in art are inseparable. I grant that Raphael struck off some superficial work through

pressure, as Michelangelo did through impulse, but this should blind no one to the genius of the artist or to the greatness of his works. Erratic criticisms cannot prevail against the judgment of time. Mr. Ruskin learned this long ago.

For the enlightenment of the present generation I will narrate a characteristic incident. I preface by saying that a venerable Orthodox of the new school recently affirmed in a prayer-meeting that sermons preached twenty-five years ago would to-day empty every church in the country. The subject of the meeting was, "Will God punish Sin?" The speaker claimed that we had no business to pry into the future; we could leave that to God. *Now* we have eternal life, and now is the punishment for sin. He was a prominent official in the denomination. Now, see what was said a generation back. The subject of the story was a friend of mine, and I am reminded of it by the Montpelier *Argus and Patriot:* —

A well-known preacher who proclaimed God as the Father of the heathen, not having an appointment to preach one Sunday afternoon, went to an Orthodox house of worship, and as he entered the door and passed up the aisle, the preacher, who was in the pulpit, and recognized the visitor, extended his right arm, and, pointing his finger at him, warmly welcomed the reverend gentleman in the following terse and vigorously expressed language: "Thank God, the day is coming when you will be chained down to hell's floor, and the devil, with his three-pronged harpoon, will pierce your withering heart, and pile the cinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramids of Egypt, and try out the pride of your soul to grease the gudgeons of hell."

When I tell you that the clergyman thus addressed could not speak of Christ and his message from the Father without the deepest emotion of gratitude, the welcome of the Orthodox minister will be highly appreciated. He must have been one of those preachers who declared that hell was paved

with infants' skulls. Don't start, young man! This was common talk in those days. Do not we hear it in substance from certain divines of the day?

In speaking to an acquaintance of this incident, — since the above was written, — he told me that his partner, now deceased, went from the Revere House with one or two companions to hear Elder Knapp when he exhorted in the Bowdoin Square Church. They were decorous in their conduct, but the Elder, conceiving them to be unrepentant prodigals, pointed to them and said: —

"Those young men, who are enjoying the pleasures of youth, I can see them held by the devil's fork over the middle kettle of hell! and he will not only plunge them in, but he will shut down the cover!"

Consider these things with the lurid hymns sung at that time, and then look about you. Ay, the change does seem phenomenal, but it is in the order of man's progression.

ALL GOES WELL!

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